

THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

18th Year, No. 37

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

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EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissaire.

Price, 5 Cents.

Medicine Hat Corps, N.W.T.

TWO YEARS AND SIX MONTHS OLD—A THRIVING SALVATION ARMY CORPS IN A THRIVING LITTLE TOWN—BLESSED WORK BEING DONE—A VERY INTERESTING WRITE-UP.

THE Salvation Army opened fire in this town in October, 1899, Capt. A. Hurst, now of the Pacific Province, being the pioneer officer. She succeeded in securing the interest of the people, who in every way assisted her in starting the work here. Since

the work being accomplished by God through the efforts of the officers and soldiers of the corps. A brother had removed from Medicine Hat, and for some time no word had been received from him until last week we heard from an old companion of his.

where he spent years in sin and wrongdoing. His accounts in that place amounted to over four thousand dollars, which he never intended paying. His companion told us that every cent of that amount has been paid since his conversion. This goes to prove that the work done in our brother's heart was one which no other power than God could have wrought. His companion said, "If you do nothing more than what has been done for Tom B—you will be well repaid for your labor."

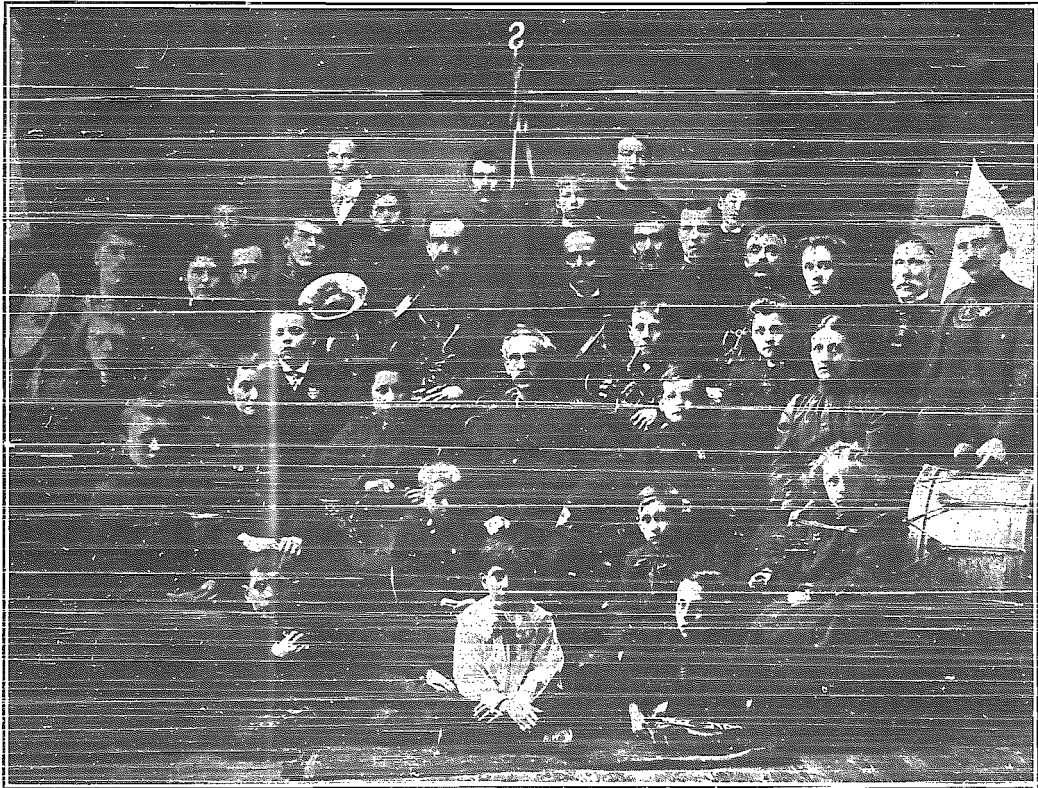
The Local Officers of the Corps number seven. Sergt.-Major Thos. Little-

in Ontario, and he used every means possible to have the Army come to Medicine Hat. He is not privileged to attend many meetings, but can always be depended upon being true to God.

Secretary Joseph Darks is an untiring and zealous worker for God, and in every way he can, strives to promote and uphold the work of God.

Color-Sergt. "Saul" Smith was the first convert in Medicine Hat, and for two years almost every night carried the drum, but has lately been commissioned Color-Sergeant.

Recruiting-Sergt. Chas. R. Evans is



Medicine Hat Corps, with the Provincial Officer, Brigadier Southall, in the centre.

the advent of the Army, steady progress has been made, and much has been accomplished for God. During that time eighty-six people have professed conversion. Out of that number forty-three have been enrolled as soldiers.

Among this number are some who, in a special manner, are very grateful to God and the Army for the change wrought in their hearts and lives. At one time they were very much degraded by drink and sin. The following will give sufficient evidence as to

Bro. B— was a wreckless, ungodly man, caring not for himself, nor his nearest relatives. Hardened by sin, he went from bad to worse. Roaming around from one place to another, he came to Medicine Hat, and for some time attended the S. A. meetings. The Spirit of God took hold of him, and he at last yielded to its pleadings, and in an intelligent manner gave himself to God. For some time he proved himself worthy in every way, and was enrolled as a soldier. Shortly afterwards he returned to his old home in

ford, who, in the photo of the corps, is almost hidden behind Bandman Lyman, can safely sing—

"If at the front there is no place to stand,
Be brave enough to follow behind."

He believes strongly in the Army, through the instrumentality of which his wife and whole family have been brought to God.

Tyeas. Thos. Wilson, who was unable to have his photo taken, was a soldier

a thorough Salvationist, and in a very "fatherly" way looks after the recruits. One of the latest captures, as a recruit, is his own wife, whom he has succeeded in having enrolled as a soldier.

Orderly-Sergt. "Jack" Hately does credit to his position, and is always at his post, and in a very efficient way attends to the comforts and needs of those who attend the meetings.

(Continued on page 7.)

The Ladder at Last.

By E. O.

Did you ever see a house on fire? If so, you will not soon forget it, for it is a terrible sight. I read an account of one the other day. All the family had escaped but one boy. The flames broke out below. His mother and father, and a younger child rushed into the street, just as they were, to save their lives, not noticing, at first, that their son was not with them.

He was sleeping in an upper room, and was not awakened by the noise until it was too late to escape by the stairs, which were all in flames. The poor fellow rushed to the window, thinking he would jump out, but he saw at a glance it was too high; he would have broken his neck if he had attempted it. With a piercing shriek he called for a ladder. It was some minutes before one could be brought, and in the meantime the fire had reached the lad's bedroom. He felt the scorching heat as he stood by the window crying for help, and straining his eyes in looking down the street to see if the ladder was coming, but in vain hope of rescue. The fire spread with fearful rapidity; another moment and he must have been in the flames. There was a shout from those below. "The ladder, the ladder at last!" You can imagine with what joy the boy had forced his way through the small window, and made his way down the ladder and was saved!

Now, let me ask you two questions: First, could that boy have been saved without the ladder? No. Second, could the ladder have saved him if he had stood still at the window?

Of course it could not. It may as well have been a hundred miles off for any good it would have done him if he had not cared to make use of it.

If you are unsaved, dear reader, I pray that you will bear these two things to mind. You are in danger of fire—a fire that never shall be quenched. The flames are coming nearer; you must pray or perish. It is not safe to tarry for a moment in sin—five minutes more and it may be too late; you are on the verge, and you may be beyond the reach of mercy.

Perhaps you are a drunkard, swearer, Sabbath-breaker, as I was. If so, you are standing on the brink of hell! The Word of God says, "Hell from which is moved, for thee to meet thee at thy coming." (Is. xlv. 3.) And again, "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body be cast into hell." (Matt. v. 29.) Give up your sin. Let the dearest idol go, whatever it may cost you, if you would gain heaven.

No matter what your past life has been, there is a way of escape. The ladder of God's mercy is planted against the wall. Throw yourself upon it and you shall live. The Lord Jesus Christ died for you. Without Him you must be lost. He died for you, not the death of any, for His Word says, "He will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." (1 Tim. ii. 4.)

You must have faith in order to be saved, and seize on the promises God holds out to you. As this boy believed that the ladder would save his life, and trusted himself upon it, so we must have faith in God if we would be saved from sin. We read in Acts xii. 21, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thine house." and in Mark xvi. 16, "He that believeth not shall be damned."

Then there is hope for all, for He came to seek and to save that which was lost, and His boundless mercy reaches all.

To foster the fires of lust is to furnish a hell in the heart.

THE BURDENS WE CARRY.

A little girl saw a picture of the fabled Atlas, bearing the world on his shoulders. She noticed the strong man struggling under the heavy burden, his head bowed forward, his shoulders strained, his every muscle tense, his face and form showing signs of painful effort and endurance—and her tender heart went out towards him in pity.

"Papa," she asked in anxious earnest, "why doesn't that man lay that thing down?"

And her father's answer was, "Because he supposes he ought to carry the world on his shoulder."

And his is a mistake that a great many of us are making.

How many of the burdens that oppress us are buried that we have no call to carry! We worry over matters that are outside of our sphere; and we are ready to sink beneath the weight of cares and anxieties that would better be left to Him who alone can carry them. Whichever way we may have to carry, the Lord will give us strength to uphold; but there is no more a burden which we would de better to cast upon the Lord, because it is His burden for us, and not ours for Him.

WHEN MR. INGERSOLL WAS MOVED.

A pathetic little incident is related concerning the great infidel, Robert G. Ingersoll. On one occasion, a friend whom he had not seen for some time, came to him and greeted him by saying—

"Oh, it always does my heart good to look at you, Mr. Ingersoll, for it always recalls to my mind your dear old mother's prayers."

This was more than the infidel could bear, and he turned his face from his friend while a tear trickled down his cheek.

He could stand out boldly and unflinchingly before the world and defy God and blaspheme His Holy name, but when he recalled of his mother's prayers his heart was stirred, and he became as a little child, a beautiful tribute to that saintly mother.

Men reach God by realities and not by formalities.

Enough vital energy has been wasted in the world to try to run all the affairs of the world.

The habit of worrying is largely a physical infirmity; it is an evidence of lack of harmony in the mental system. The well-polished soul never wobbles or hesitates.

Missionary Fields. Japan.

Although Japan (when seen through English spectacles) has much about it that is new and strange; it is a remarkable country, with a written history extending over 2,500 years.

The Land of the Rising Sun, as the Japs poetically call their country, is much in the public mind at present, by reason of Great Britain's alliance with it. In view of the fact that the dear old colors of the Army have waved over the Japanese Empire since the September of 1895 (when a party of fourteen Salvation Army missionaries, under Colonel and Mrs. Wright, invaded the country). It will be of interest to you to learn a few facts about the country and its people; for who can say, it may be your privilege, in coming years, to carry the flag of salvation to many of the Japs who still sit in darkness.

The Empire of Japan consists of four large and many small islands (of volcanic origin), comprising an area of 162,545 square miles, with a population of nearly forty-four million people. The present Emperor, Mutsuhito (who is forty-nine years of age), is the 121st of his race.

Although Japan is an ancient Empire, it displays great adaptability and gives no evidence of decay. It has, of late years, made wonderful progress in civilization, and has adopted Western manners and customs. A wise and enlightened ruler is at the head of the nation, and in consequence, the

This and That.

A room with a low ceiling will seem higher if the window curtains hang to the floor.

Wood ashes put in a woollen bag and placed in water will make hard water soft.

Read This.—If a cork should be too large for the neck of a bottle, drop it into boiling water for three minutes, and it will be found to fit quite easily.

To Prevent Rust.—To prevent articles of iron or steel from getting rusty, immerse or wash them, for a few moments, with a solution of carbonate of potash or soda.

When velvet gets crushed from pressure, hold the parts over a basin of hot water, with the lining of the article next the water. The pile will soon rise, and look fresh again.

When making starch for collars, etc., add a little milk. It will be found that they will have a splendid gloss on them when ironed, and also the iron will move much smoother.

Kerosene greatly facilitates the cleaning of silver. Wet a flannel cloth in the oil, dip in dry whiting, and thoroughly rub the plate or silverware; then put it into warm soap-suds, wipe with a soft flannel, and polish with a leather.

To Remove the Smell of Paint.—Leave in the room over night a pail of water, with three or four sliced raw onions in it. Shut the door, and in the morning the painty smell will have absorbed it.

Pudding cloths should never be washed with soap. Soak them in cold, and afterwards rinse them in hot water, then dry them in the open air. If possible, before using again dip them in boiling water, wring tightly, and pour well.

Tea leaves should always be kept to scatter on carpets, to absorb the dust, when sweeping. However, they should not be used on light-colored carpets for fear of staining them; a little damp bran may be used in cases like this kind, and will answer the same purpose.

Imitation Ground Glass.—If you want to shut off the view from any window, you can do it very cheaply by dissolving in a little hot water as much Epsom salts as the water will absorb. Paint this over the window while hot, and you will have a very fair imitation of ground glass.

It is not unusual to find his spots of

mildew on your table and bed linen, towels, etc., at this season, when it is so hard to keep things thoroughly dried in the laundry. Get a couple of drops of lime-water and pour a few drops on each spot. Let it lie a few moments, rinse, and if not thoroughly eradicated use more. Be sure and rinse well after use, otherwise a hole appears where there was a spot.

Badly Fitting Doors.—When doors do not close snugly, but leave tracks through which draughts enter, the simplest remedy is this: Place a strip of putty all along the jamb, cover the edge of the door with chalk all around it. The putty will then fill all spaces, which would remain open, and be pressed out where not needed, while the excess is easily removed with a knife. The chalk rubbed on the edge prevents seepage, and the putty is left in place, where it soon dries and leaves a perfectly-fitting jamb.

An Easily-Made Window-Sash.—The woman who lives in a flat must be ingenious if she would be comfortable. Space is at a premium. A box window, suited for other purposes and costing but five shillings, is her latest invention. It consists of a packing-box two and a-half feet high and four feet long, which may be bought for two shillings. Casters are purchased and are screwed onto the bottom of the box; then the cover is fastened to the box with hinges. This makes it possible for the box to open easily, and it will be found a most convenient place for the gowns for which there is no room in the wardrobe. It is particularly convenient for holding children's dresses, as there is just room for the little dresses to be laid out at full length. Over the box cushions are thrown to give it the effect of a window-seat.

IT BECAME HIS LIFE MOTTO.

A great astronomer was once telling the story of his life.

"When I was a boy," said he, "I grew tired of mathematics."

In one of his discouraging moments he declared he was going to give them to the collector of his sins. He was to put them aside. One book, however, he thought best to look into again. Now, what think you, were the words that this boy found there, the words that fixed his attention? These:

"Go on, sir; go on."

Did he take the advice?

Yes; he took these words for his master. All through his life, whenever he grew tired of any undertaking, this master was his teacher. "Go on, sir; go on, sir."

GOD'S WORK MUST BE DONE.

A poor field negro, with a wooden leg, hobbled up to the speaker's table to let his offering upon it. He took from his pocket a handful of silver, and said:

"That's for me, massa," from another pocket, another handful, "That's for my wife, massa," and another, and another, and another handful, "That's for my child, massa."

The pastor remonstrated with him for giving so much.

"Oh, massa," said he, "God's work must be done, and I will have a part in it."

Commenting on this incident, Ida Q. Moulton says, "Yon and I want a part in it. Heaven's treasures will be given us throughout the eternal ages for a brief life of self-denial and self-sacrifice here, out of our lives for our dear Master."

Take this motto to your heart, true, loving heart, fellow-Christian: "God's work must be done, and I will have a part in it."

CHRIST'S TRANSFORMING POWER.

While Christ used the common things of life, He made them very things of life. He made them uncommon. He made them new. He made them well-known, as of Buffalo. He took the common bread and said, "This is My body." He took the common wine and said, "This is My blood." The artist takes up his canvas and colors, and adds his life to the canvas, and thus of nothing but the different colors of paint. When the artist combines them, you think of the neither canvas nor colors, but of the picture. Christ made the common things of life uncommon. He made things of life. He makes every burden a joy, and a trial a stepping-stone to life itself, and life a love, sweet pain. This He does when you surrender everything to Him.

A Heavenly Vision.

BY ENSIGN EASTON.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."—Is. xxxiii. 17.

THERE is something in the making of every human being that delights in the beautiful. Witness the thousands who pass through the various art galleries in the world, and are so continually enraptured. Watch the crowds of people who loiter about the flower-beds in the public parks in the summer time, or linger under the shade of the trees! Have you ever stood on the shore of a lake and watched the moon casting a silver path across the waters, while all around you was bathed in its soft, pure light? Beauty indescribable, restful, estate!

The beauties of nature cannot be surpassed. It took a Master-hand to paint the blush on the rose, the pure whiteness of the lily, the emerald of the grass! It was an Infinite Creator who lifted the mountains and crowned them with eternal snow. It was God Himself who clothed them with the fir and pine which stand out strong and sturdy amid winter's storm or summer's sunshine!

Artists have tried to copy God's handwork. They have made elaborate preparations. With camp-stool and palette and brush, they have attempted to transfer the beauties of nature to the canvas before them. But what, no matter how true, can equal the original? Who can portray the gurgling stream as it tumbles down the mountain side, the deep shadows of the wood, the wild flowers which peep shyly out from among their protecting leaves, or the tiny water lilies which float in the calm of the lake? Who can depict the charming loveliness of the world of art as beautiful, but they cannot compare with nature, or nature's God.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty," says the promise. "What reward to the saint! When God speaks with Moses on the mount, He said no man could see His face and live. But here is the promise of a full view of the glory and the majesty of the King in His beauty! What that will be we can have no conception. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man." Not only beauty of form, or feature, or circumstance, or environment, but the very character, the embodiment of all that is good and true, pure and holy. The best and noblest in man is but nothing compared with God. Think of His love for us—in that "while we were yet sinners," Christ died for us," and "whom having not seen we love." Think of His parental care. The Fatherhood of God—manifest in every conceivable way—watching over, delighting, protecting, providing for His children.

We look at some men and admire them for their intellectual ability, their business capacity, their command of language, the power over others they seem to possess, or any particular gift which they may have, and which has been cultivated until they stand out as giants among other men. We honor them for it, and we would like to have the same power, but we are weak with God's little! But with the slimmer but different will be the sight. "They shall behold Him whom they have pierced." No wonder there will be a cry for the rocks and mountains to fall from the throne, for the fact that He that sitteth on the throne, Sin cannot stand in the presence of God. When Adam and Eve sinned they went and hid themselves. No beauty for the sinner—nothing but condemnation, the wrath, and the curse. To the bloodwashed, raptured—"The King in His beauty." To the unregenerate, terror and a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation.

True they will see His beauty, but only with the consciousness that it is not for them. The sight will but aggravate and intensify the horror and despair of their state. To be sent away to an age that is gone, to spend an eternity with the *bad*, where there is no good influence, nothing but the shrieks of the damned and the wails of the hopeless and despairing, with the exceeding bitterness of the remorse which comes from knowing that had they been so minded they might have escaped hell and gained heaven.

That instead of the devil and his angels might have been "the King in His beauty!" In place of woe and despair, happiness and hope; that where now is everlasting death, eternal life might have been their portion!

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are, 'It might have been.'"

Oh, the exceeding bitterness of the remorse that will be the unceasing torment of the soul that is driven away for ever from the presence of God! Words cannot picture it, mind cannot grasp it. It is an unquenchable fire, an everlasting burning.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty." Will it be as your King you will see Him, or will it be as your Judge? What more awful than to get a glimpse of the beauty and then be shut away from it for ever. Will it be to hear the "Come, ye blessed," "Depart, ye cursed?" "Millions have reached that blissful shore."

You may. Heaven is not full yet. There is room for all. When Christ died it was for the whole world—who those who have lived, and for all who will ever live. Stupendous thought! Who can grasp it? But though our poor finite minds cannot comprehend

the great fact of God's provision for the world's salvation, yet it is true, nevertheless, and what we know, now, we shall know hereafter. What we cannot understand now will be made plain. We see as through a glass darkly.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty." They shall behold the land that is very far off."

Not only behold it, but dwell in it. That which has been a hope will be a reality.

What joy will fill the weary, tempest-tossed when it beholds the land that is now "very far off." To know that henceforth and for ever there will be no pain, no sorrow, no heartache, no bereavement, no sadness, no sin, no death, but that through eternal ages all will be peace, joy, and happiness—no wish ungratified, no desire unfulfilled, no darkness, or cold, or hunger. All will be light, and warmth, and plenty.

Is it not an enchanting prospect? What earthly anticipation can compare with it? John gives us some idea of the brightness and glory of the New Jerusalem, which he saw in his vision when shut away on that lonely isle, but it is a very faint conception.

He tells us of the gates of pearl, the walls of jasper, the streets of gold, and the light which is "the glory of God, and the Lamb."

He tells us also that "the gates of it shall not be shut all by day" which simply means that the gates are never

shut, because there is no night there.

He tells us, too, that "there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth." Every stain of sin must be washed from the soul. Every wrong must have been made right. Evil thoughts and desires must have been driven out, and the heart must be clean and pure by the blood of Christ before there can be an entering in.

Preparations must be made here. It will be too late when we come up to the gate. The opportunity I have passed, the chance have gone. Now is the time. This is the day of salvation. If you want to see the King in His beauty, and dwell in the "land that is very far off," get ready for it now. The King will be having a saying. He says, "Come and let us reason together," etc. Such loving counsel in His voice—"Come unto Me all ye that are weary," etc. Do you want your sins pardoned? Do you want to know if you want peace? Then come, come now!

The Hygiene Class.

CHAPTER XL.

Bleed.—The application of heat and cold alternately will sometimes disperse a boil, the early stage. When the matter is well advanced, the kind it becomes painful, but hot fomentations frequently, with hot poultices, compress during the intervals, or apply continuously a soft poultice. The wet compress covered with oil-silk has the same effect, if they are not discharged frequently. The kind of poultice is quite immaterial, if it be non-irritant, for its only valuable properties are warmth and moisture.

When the boil is ripe, that is, when a white head appears near the surface, its euro may be hastened by lancing with a sharp knife. The discharge may be encouraged by gentle pressure, but squeezing boils is a very harmful process, and greatly retards their cure. The discharge should be freely after opening, poultice or apply fomentations. Applications for the treatment of boils, to be effective, should be made as the surrounding tissue as well as the boil itself.

A carbuncle is simply a large boil. A sty is a small one on the eyelid. Treatment for each is the same as for ordinary boils.

It is a mistaken notion that the purulent matter discharged from boils are concentrated impurities which previously existed in the blood. The pus itself is made up of the white blood corpuscles, the most precious part of the blood. The discharge contains impurities, but most of them are the result of the death of the tissues, which have suffered in the inflammation. It is an undeniable fact that many persons experience an improvement in health after having several boils, whatever may be the explanation. The contents of a boil are very poisonous to the system when absorbed into the blood. Boils are probably due to germs.

Ulcer.—Old ulcers on various parts of the body are frequently very offensive as well as painful. To remove the odor caused by the discharge, wash the ulcer thoroughly twice a day in a weak solution of carbolic acid or permanganate of potash. This application will also do something towards healing it, but water dressing and a strict diet are the best remedial agents.

Lice.—Animal parasites of various kinds which infest the body, should only when their presence is encouraged by filth. They usually disappear very quickly when the body is clean and preserved. If they do not at once vanish, the application of an ointment made of one part of Scotch snuff to two of lard will speedily destroy them. The ointment is quite poisonous, and should be quickly removed after thorough application.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

Live for others.
Cultivate tender-heartedness.
Fear nothing but sin.
Face your difficulties in the name of God, and fight them.
Don't worry; trust God and go on.
Look out for the good in others; do not magnify their failings.
Be always busy.

If you can do nothing else, carry sunshine in your face.

BIBLE LESSONS FROM JAMAICA. SAINT SIMON

Simon Peter was a fisher, who fished all along the shore. Till, one day, the Saviour met him, telling him to fish no more. "Follow Me, and I will make you," said He, "fishermen of men!" And we're told he straightaway followed—left his fishing there and then. Whether he caught salmon, mackerel, herring, soles, or even sprat, neither John, Luke, Mark, or Matthew thought worth while to mention.

That Nor did he say, "Wait till next month!" he did not express a wish that the Lord would wait (as some would) while he scaled and sold his fish.

"Fish he knowed!" I hear him saying—"Fish or no fish, halloo!" "Twas if he'd glimpsed the glow when he saw what he should do: So he never hesitated, nor conferred with flesh and blood; Did not even ask his mother, but just did the thing he should.

Once I saw Saint Simon's picture; where it came from I can't tell; He was drawn by a well-remembered, other-worldly, most reverend Clergyman, or Army Captain—so this great truth dawned on me—Not because of his appearance did the Lord choose such a he! 'Tis "unlikeliest men" that Jesus calls as fishermen of men, And His calling has not altered; nor His methods, much, since then. When a man thinks he can do it, though a Christian, he's a fool—When he knows he can do nothing, God can use him as a tool.

Peter left his fishing business; foolish folks said, "Who would fish, if, like this, we left our fishing, and the Prophet had His wish?" There are many who will never heed the first salvation call. Much less get the higher calling, which demands of us our all.

Listen! Did St. Simon Peter turn out well in all he did? There are many folks who think so, but the truth is from them hid. He was full of imperfections, did not even know his call—Thought twas for a worldly kingdom that he had surrendered all. "Tis needed how he pondered; half his failings have been shown; But how Christ had patience with him will not probably be known.

Boasting Peter said he'd never leave the Lord for weal or woe; But he thrice denied his Master once that cock began to crow. He would show he was a swarman in the first part of the fray. But when came the fiery trial, as a coward, ran away—'Twas sent in his resignation, laid aside his uniform. Chose an easier way to heaven, when he feared the threatening storm. So he went back to his fishing, as some still go back to trade, When he had vowed they should live, and make their little faith afraid. But he did not seem to prosper, for the fish would not be caught, Or he could not catch them somehow as he used to do, or ought.

Then the Lord appeared to Peter (He'd arisen from the dead); "Cast your act upon the right side of the ship," He sternly said. That he would carry out the order multitudes of fish made known That the voice was that of Jesus, and the order was His own! Thereby were they taught a lesson; we, to-day, may learn it too—There's a "right side" to each vessel, though it is revealed to few.

Then the Lord said "Simon Peter, lovest thou Me more than these?" ("Twas alluding to the fishing, or the folks he'd tried to please). Three times did He ask the question, till He most made Peter weep; But, as He received his answers, would reply, "Then feed My sheep." Then He promised Simon Peter, as a special mark of love, He should suffer crucifixion, ere they met again above.

I've to-day no space to tell you how the change in Peter came, When he tarried, as directed, for the Pentecostal flame; But I would refer you to it—As the second you may read. What is still the hidden secret of the Christian's who succeed; Maybe you're among the number, so the promise is for you—If you will but come and claim it God will show you what to do. Without faith you cannot please Him, but if, childlike, you'll believe, And comply with the conditions, you'll the Holy Ghost receive.

—Adjutant Phillips.



Great Britain.

Commissioner Coombs is fully alive to the extraordinary opportunities presented to the Army by the forthcoming Coronation celebrations, and is full of desire that the crowning of King Edward VII, and Queen Alexandra shall be made memorable to Salvationists by the number of sinners found at the mercy-seat.

A drunkard who knelt at the cross recently in one of the English courts, told how a War Cry had reached his home every week through the efforts of a boomer, and that this was the means of his salvation.

The General will not be in England during the Coronation week, the calls of the war requiring his presence on the Continent. Our leader will spend the last Sunday but one before the Imperial event in the Queen's Hall, West London. On the following Thursday he will leave for Berlin, where our annual German Congress is being arranged for. This will embrace Field and Staff Officers' Councils, as well as public meetings. Then follows Copenhagen, where a similar plan will be carried out. At Stockholm, there will be an immense gathering of officers, and a desperate campaign for souls. The fourth and last city of the present campaign will be Christiania. The night and day traveling, meetings, and conferences, with the heat, which is excessive at this season of the year in these northern latitudes, would try a much stronger man than the General. We ask our comrades to pray that the entire campaign may be attended with great blessing, and that our beloved General may be graciously sustained throughout.

United States.

The American Rescue Work is making very gratifying advance. The percentage of satisfactory cases of women dealt with during the past year has reached ninety-one, the highest ever recorded.

Over three hundred souls have sought salvation in the various corps in the city of San Francisco, California, during a period of twelve months.

A young man who has been quite a prodigal arrived at his father's home (Whitman, Mass., U.S.A.) a few days ago, as he had arrived on former occasions, full of good promises, and seeking parental forgiveness. Remembering past experiences, but still desirous of helping the wanderer, the judicious father took his son to the Salvation Army, where he left him with the statement that if he would get saved he would give him another chance. The fellow, getting mellowed, got converted shortly afterwards, and is doing well.

Mrs. Major Wood continues to improve in health.

A big summer campaign is to take place in the United States, having as its target 10,000 souls, 2,000 additional Senior Soldiers, and a big increase in Junior Soldiers, and the salvation of 1,000 drunkards has also been inaugurated during the Congress.

"Drunkards' Friends' Leagues will shortly be working all over the United States for the helping of the drunkard.

Judge Callahan, of the Insolvent Court of Cleveland, is issuing a commission as Probationary Officer to Colonel Holz. He will act in this capacity with a number of Cleveland's prominent representatives. Judge Callahan, the Judge especially requested the Colonel to accept this honorary recognition from the court, believing, as he said, "The Army has long since been fully qualified and competent to serve the court, as has been demonstrated by it now for a number of years." Instead of sentencing juvenile offenders to a

reformatory or prison, they will be paroled and compelled to report semi-monthly or weekly to a certain foster guardian as the court directs, thus preventing a probable criminal stigma from haunting them during life.

France.

Commissioner Ralston has been over in London, from Paris, this week, transacting business connected with our French work.

Norway.

Aaskin, a town on the west coast of Norway, has recently been opened.

A most-needed Home of Rest for sick officers is to be opened at once at Nordstrand.

The city of Christiania recently granted \$1,100 to the Army's Social Work.



Naerodal Pass, Norway.

Sweden.

Capt. Valin, engaged in the village war, states that such large crowds attend the meetings that large numbers have to be turned away from the buildings, unable to gain admittance.

There have been one hundred applications for officership this spring.

South Africa.

In spite of war and martial law, closed corps and reduced number of officers, our officers and soldiers in South Africa have actually put up a record for the Territory. The year 1898 saw the largest amount ever raised in South Africa for the S.D. Effort. It amounted to \$15,950. Our comrades are not in a position to give the exact amount raised this year yet, but are sure, at any rate, of passing that total.

The following amusing incident comes from the South African Cry: "I know what department you belong to," said a wisecracker to one of Headquarters' Scribes, in Cape Town. Pointing to his S's he said, "You have to look after the fowls on the Social Farm." The comrade in question was wearing the Regulation Scribe's S's, with a quill running through them diagonally.

Germany.

The weekly circulation of the German War Cry has risen to nearly 30,000, while the Easter number went to over 43,000. Real interest and enthusiasm are manifested for the Cry. The officers say that it is the talk of the city of Göttingen, a group of gentlemen were sitting discussing their wine and beer, when a girl-Captain came into the restaurant with her Cry. They all bought a copy, and said they had followed the Competition List with interest, and seeing how the War Cry had improved they made a collection, in order that the Captain might bring Göttingen corps up among those selling 350.

Australia.

Commissioner McKie has been visiting some of the smallest corps in Australia. At St. Kilda, which is acknowledged as the "hardest nut" in the State of Victoria, the building was packed with people, and eight souls were reported as the result of the day's fight.

According to latest news, Commissioner McKie is on his way to Western Australia to conduct a soul-saving campaign in that State.

The Salvation Army in Australia show a far greater proportion of reg-

The Week.

Canada.

The recent frost did a lot of damage to fruit and vegetables in Western Ontario.

The Grand Trunk will build new stations at Goderich, Glencoe, and Petrolia, and at Portland, Me.

Stevley's stove warehouse, at London, Ont., was burned. Loss \$20,000.

The Quebec newspaper L'Evenement has been purchased by Mr. S. Demers for \$19,850.

The Vancouver relief fund for the Fortis sufferers exceeds two thousand dollars.

Hon. Clifford Sifton has purchased Mr. H. Corby's steam yacht Skylark.

The Canadian Pacific announces a reduction of 50 cents a ton in the rate for coal and coke between Fort William and Winnipeg, and other points in Manitoba.

Rev. E. W. Wood, Methodist Missionary, at Carstairs, N.W.T., was drowned in crossing a creek swollen by rain.

Lord Minto sailed on the Parisien, on June 7th, for England, to attend the coronation ceremonies. Sir Wilfrid Laurier sails on the 14th.

Fred Lee Rice was sentenced to be hanged on July 18th for the murder of Constable Boyd, in Toronto, last June.

Ottawa coal dealers have advanced the price to \$7.50 a ton.

The Council of Montreal has passed a by-law to permit stores to keep open on Sunday which sell fruit, candy, cigars, and temperance drinks, but on condition that they sell all the articles and not merely some of them.

The charter of the Kingston Ironworkers' Helpers' Union has been taken away because its members refused to strike in sympathy with the machinists at the locomotive works.

A consignment of 250,000 pickled fry has been placed in the south branch of the Thames, at London.

The news of the signing of the terms of peace was received with general rejoicing throughout the Dominion. In the churches the ministers referred to the subject in the pulpits, and public demonstrations were held in numerous places.

Wilfred Burden, thirty-five years old, was killed by a live wire while attempting to rescue a small boy who had previously taken hold of the wire with one hand. The boy escaped after being badly shocked.

Charles Mann, of Toronto, was drowned in the Humber through the upsetting of a canoe, in which he and two companions were coming down the river.

The span of a bridge on the New Brunswick Central Railway gave way, letting an engine and two cars of lumber fall into the Washanook River. Fireman Raad was drowned.

John Redmond, of Anderson, was forty-four years of age, went to sleep ten days ago, and has not since awakened. He walks in his sleep, drinks frequently, but eats little or no food.

British.

Twenty-five million bricks, 4,000 tons of steel, and 400,000 cubic feet of Portland stone will be used in the erection of the new War Office in London.

The Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Marlborough were invested with the Garter by King Edward, at Buckingham Palace.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral, in London, now in course of erection, is 280 feet long and 165 feet wide. Apart from the site, it has already cost \$750,000.

The Great Eastern Line steamer Elfrida sailed from Liverpool, on May 31st, for New York, this being her first transatlantic trip since her break-down last February.

Anthony Dumont's balloon was cut and destroyed with knives in the Crystal Palace, at London, and the ascensions which he had arranged for next week had to be postponed.

ular attendants at their barracks than any other denomination. It is also interesting to notice that out of 611 men who slept in the Shelter when the Melbourne census was taken, 230 were Churchmen, 180 Roman Catholics, 70 Methodists, 60 Baptists, 50 Congregationalists, and only 17 Salvationists, and these seventeen were all workers on the building.

New premises have been secured at Glen Roy, Australia for the Girls' Home. It has fifteen acres of land attached and the country is nice and open. The building will accommodate upwards of fifty girls. These are State children.

India.

In India at present we have 1,484 officers, 506 corps, 1,204 outposts, and 361 schools and Social Institutions.

Newfoundland Victorious!

(By wire.)

Self-Denial completed. Every corps in the Province, except one, smashed target. Hailuujan 1—Brigadier Smeeton.

Nothing paralyzes the love of right like lust for riches.

Get on the other side of a hindrance and you will see it labelled "Help."



Daily Readings.

"Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord SUNDAY. of Hosts."—Zek. lv. 6. To have something harder, if you want to break the hard, stony hearts of sinners, you can only do it by getting a greater power, the power of salvation in your own heart. Human power is not strong enough to prevail over sin-power. Hence the Divine Stone, Jesus, cut out without hands, was sent to break the sin-stone; and through Him we can prevail.

"Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a MONDAY. cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us."—Heb. xii. 1. It is said that among the Alps at certain seasons, the traveler is told to proceed very quietly, for on the steep slopes overhead the snow hangs so evenly balanced that the sound of a voice, or the report of a gun, may destroy the equilibrium, and bring down an immense avalanche that will overwhelm everything in ruin in its downward path. And so about our way there may be a soul in the very crisis of its moral history; trembling between life and death, and mere touch or shadow may determine its destiny. A young girl who was deeply impressed with the truth, and was ready, under conviction of sin, to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" had all her solemn impressions dissipated by the unseemly jesting of a professing Christian by her side. Her irreverent and worldly spirit cast a repellent shadow on that young lady not far from the Kingdom of God.

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."—Heb. xii. 6. A TUESDAY. master, who had always been very kind to his slave, once gave him a bitter olive and asked him to eat it. The slave at once complied, and ate the olive without even making a wry face. The master expressed his surprise. "What," replied the slave, "have I received so many kindnesses from you, and can I not eat a bitter olive for once in a way, at your request, without making a fuss about it?"

Love makes bitter things sweet. God never offers us a bitter olive to eat save for some good purpose. The bitterest drops in our cup of sorrow are intended for the good of our soul.

"And they loved not their lives unto the death."—Rev. xii. 11. When the ill-fated WEDNESDAY. "Victoria" went down there were numerous acts of heroism. Perhaps the most conspicuous and touching incident of the final moment was when a midshipman took a lifebuoy which he had to save George Tryon, the Admiral, in order that he might be saved. "Save yourself, my boy," said Sir George. "I would rather stay with you, and be the immediate reply, and they sank together."

"Un, worsp the Lord in the beauty of holiness."—Ps. lxxviii. THURSDAY. 9. It is the polished blade that glitters. If you want to shine in heaven you must be holy upon earth. A clean heart is a shining heart. The only sort of beauty that God admires is that of holiness.

"They shall bear the burden with thee."—Ex. xlviii. 22. Every FRIDAY. brick in a wall supports another brick, and the whole bear the weight of the wall. The Salvation Army officer and soldier is like a brick in the Salvation Army wall. One depends on another, and all

together keep up the wall. The burden shared becomes light. Though each brick may be small, when put together they make a strong barrier against the attacks of the devil.

"For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do SATURDAY. of His good pleasure."—Phil. ii. 13. An earnest minister, in the reign of Queen Mary, who was always preaching on God's unchanging love to His people, was being taken to London to be

burnt. "Is this all for the best?" was the escort's taunt. "Yes." He fell from his horse and broke his leg. "Is this for the best?" said the officer. "You won't get off being burnt. You have broken your leg first, and you will be burnt afterwards." Yes, it was all for the best. He could not travel on until his leg was healed. Meanwhile, Mary was called to give an account of herself to God, Elizabeth came to the throne, and he went back to his parish to preach his favorite truth—God is love. Either way, no evil could have happened to him.



Evolution of the Salvation Army



AUSTRALASIA.—(Continued).

SAVING SOCIETY'S WASTE.

We have referred previously in one or two instances to the great advance made in connection with the Social work in Australasia, but our story would not be complete if we did not give a few additional particulars.

It is too apparent that there are scattered all over the world large numbers of men, and women as well, who seem to be of little, if any, use to society. Australasia is no exception in this matter.

A "waste man" is a significant, though at first sight unintelligible, title, but at the same time there are thousands of living examples of them. The great and rapidly revolving wheel of social life casts off, at every revolution, broken and battered specimens of waste humanity.

It is reasonable to expect that these will be unable to resist the stream of influences, in the rush of life, that tends down ward, and carries them into

name and a fortune. The laws of Australasia are beneficent and successful in producing a prosperous and, withal, a contented people on the whole. This much may be conceded, but that they do so at the cost of an enormous waste of human material is also a self-evident fact. The cumbersome machinery of the State legal and penal departments creates a continual accumulation of waste men, waste women, and waste children. Likewise the social conditions of this, one of the most prosperous countries in the world, appears to create a pile of human refuse, a contaminating mass of humanity.

These who can introduce a successful system which will transform this human waste into a useful material to society regenerated, must earn the gratitude of their fellow-men. No human system, unaided by Divine power, can succeed to any great extent, for true regeneration must begin with a change of heart. Thus for every rescued individual, and for every meed of

which may be considered the best, probably the model Prison-Gate Home, is at Abbotsford, Victoria. It represents the highest stage of efficiency that this work has reached. It was designed by the Army's architect, and erected at a cost of about \$15,000.

It has been described before; suffice to say that it is perfectly entailing in its arrangements. The dormitories, of which there are three, with an accommodation for fifty-two men, are all bright, the iron beds are covered with the whitest counterpanes, and the whole premises are kept spotlessly clean. The meeting and reading rooms are the perfection of comfort in the dining, kitchen, and sitting rooms being detached with a view to economy in labor and other convenience. The workshops are replete with every useful appliance. The carpenter's shop is alive with the hum of wood-working machinery for the use of diligent men who desire to acquire knowledge for his benefit hereafter; the salvage stores are sufficient for those whose ambitions reach no higher than the drudgery of unskilled labor, and the men are paid for the work done.

The policy has been bold and intrepid. The Gray Home was started in 1896, when the Home held twenty-three; now it will receive forty-one, and it is nearly always filled with needy men. As far as the arrangements are concerned, it is a replica of Abbotsford, though not so perfect in its appointments, or so well adapted to the work in hand. It stands in twenty-one acres of land, having kitchen and flower gardens, and pleasant lawns. A new Home has also been purchased at Brisbane. It is a pleasant property, in a quiet spot, consisting of nine acres of land, and where there are work-shops, plageries, gardens, and a river in which the men can bathe, together with a pleasant prospect.

We have already dealt extensively with the Army's Social Work among women in its various branches, as also the Girls' and Boys' Homes. We will, therefore close this account by saying this section of the Army's work in Australasia is in an exceedingly healthy and prosperous condition from every point of view, and its progress is really very remarkable.

(To be continued.)

A PASTOR'S EYES OPENED.

A young minister who had been called to a certain field, was greatly disappointed because the results of his labor were so meager. He was about to resign his work and go away in search of another field, when a friend came to him. "Do you think that if Christ had been called to this field of labor, He would have left it for the reasons which prompt you to leave it now?"

The young man paused a moment, and then said soberly: "No; I have received more encouragement even in this wretched place than Christ received during all His life in the world."

Christ chose a hard place when He came to the world to seek and save that which was lost. "He was oppressed and afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth."

The path to greatness with God lies open to all.

Religion without joy is a sun without light.

What we call sorrow is often God's protecting shadow.

Men secrete their religious life through sin, and fear of criticism or morbid sensibility; but no man can be a Christian without being luminous.

God's goodness hath been great to thee; let never day nor night unloved pass, but still remember what the Lord hath done.



A Friendly Tug-of-War, Boys' Home, Australia.

the depths of poverty, crime, disgrace, and despair. It is, nevertheless, sad, and creates a fervent wish for some great moral machinery that will dredge for them, and restore them to honesty and virtue.

There is waste in almost every process where there is activity or life, and there is an enormous amount of thought expended upon mechanism that will utilize it. Look within the cotton mill; they are manufacturing calico. It is an elaborate process, from cleansing the raw cotton up to the loom. Spindles of every size and speed are revolving thousands of times a minute; toobies and cops, of various shapes and counts, are busy spinning for wool or wool; yet every machine, in addition to its genuine production, which is carried forward to the next process, creates waste material.

What to do with it is no easy question for the manager to decide; in fact, the proportion of waste will largely affect the measure of profit when the "cloth," as it is termed, is completed. Some of the waste is taken back to the "devil," and torn up again to be re-spun; other portions are sold for very inferior purposes. The inventor who can prevent waste, or provide for its utilization, may make a

success, the glory must be given to God. It is, however, well understood that the Divine works through the human, and a perfected human machine is serviceable, and can assist in the restoration of broken human material.

The past few years have been full of progression in the development of the Men's Social Work of the Army in Australasia, as, in fact, all over the world.

The "waste" people from the jails and penal establishments, whose salvation, if unaided, is almost hopeless, have received much consideration. The Prison-Gate Work in Australasia had but a small beginning. The late Colonel Barker, whose memory will always be fragrant in Australia, initiated the first unpretentious Home, and the work forthwith grew steadily and persistently in public favor and genuine interest; but the last few years have seen a rapid development in the character and quality of the Home. Even now the effort is by no means commensurate with the need, there being about 6,000 criminals incarcerated in the jails of Australia.

Although of late years the number of institutions has not grown, the accommodation has largely increased, and each of the institutions has been practically transformed. The Home

Medicine Hat Corps, N.W.T.

(Continued from page 1.)

J. S. Sergt-Major "Billy" Kyle is a true Salvationist. He is greatly interested in the children's work, and does his utmost for their salvation and future happiness.

The Band is in its infancy. Four months ago they purchased six instruments, and since that time have been practising continually, and have managed to master them so that they are able to play in the meetings and open - airs, which proves to be a great help and attraction. Although the band is young and small, we have great hopes for its future. Bro. "Harry" Bishop plays E flat bass, Bro. "Billy" Lyman plays alto euphonium, Captain "Sam" Flaws, assistant officer, plays 2nd baritone, Master "Lewis" Lyman plays E flat tenor, Captain "Heck" Habkirch acts as bandmaster and plays 1st cornet, J. S. S.-M. Kyle plays the bass drum, and Bro. C. H. Evans is the band treasurer.

The Junior Work, under the supervision of Sergt-Major Kyle, who is nobly assisted by Capt. Flaws, is making good progress. They have two Corps-Cadets and seven enrolled Juniors. The Band of Love and Company meetings are well attended, and great interest is manifested in them. During the last month quite a number of children have been saved.

Bro. Joseph Sands, better known as "Joe, the Cook," whose photo is in this issue, was converted a few months ago, and is proving himself to be a true soldier of the cross. He is not privileged to live in the town, but while he is away cooking in the Crow's Nest lumber camp he is proving God's grace sufficient to keep him.

The work is going along steadily. Advances are being made, and the future promises to the Medicine Hat Corps many victories through the strength of Jehovah.

We are greatly honored by having in our photo our worthy P. O., Brigadier Southall, who visited the corps a short time ago.

Medicine Hat is a very pretty place, lying in a valley, on the east side of the Saskatchewan River. You will see in this issue a view of part of the town, which is a splendid reproduction of the same. The climate here is one of the finest in Canada, being very moderate at all seasons. Medicine Hat is a divisional point of the C. P. R., which necessitates a large number of its employees residing here. The C.P.R. intends making great improvements in the near future, by the erection of a new depot and round-house. The town, at the present time, can boast of five natural gas wells, and in a short time expect to be able to supply sufficient gas for all the citizens to use for all heating and lighting purposes. The surrounding country is one of the best for ranching that can be found, and is thickly settled with well-to-do ranchers. Within seven miles from the town there are four coal mines, which supply the necessary fuel for heating purposes.

Christian denominations are well represented and are doing splendid work. Advances in this way are very marked. The Young People's Christian Soci-

eties are very energetic in their endeavors for the advancement of religious work. The most recent advance in this line is the opening of a free reading-room, it being entirely undenominational.—"Heck."

WHAT SALVATION DID.

The following facts were related a few days ago by a gentleman holding a prominent position in one of the largest dry goods stores in Spokane. He said he was invited to a friend's house, at which quite a number of people were present. After different topics had been spoken upon, one gentleman said that as far as his idea of Christianity was concerned, he believed all sects and creeds did good work in some way or other.

"Yes," said another gentleman, "even the Salvation Army," and he told the following story. "Some of you are aware that Mr. B.—and myself ran a dry goods store in this city for some time. When we sold out to enter another branch of business, there were quite a number of people owing us money. The other day I was walking along the street when a man stopped me and said that he owed me eight dollars, at the same time producing a twenty-dollar gold piece. I remembered the man owed me a bill, but could not say how much. I told him I was thankful, and as I had not got sufficient change asked him if a cheque for twelve dollars would satisfy him. He at once replied it would, and pointed to a shield he was wearing on his breast, with the

EASTERN HARVESTERS.

Fifty-Five Souls at Newcastle—Cornet and Euphonium Players Converted—Families Brought to God.

I was told you last week that we was at Newcastle in the harvest field, un-haven a good time, too; but the times has been gotten poorer ever since. Some people says its too early for harvest now, but you can't blame a feller fer gathern it when it's ripe. We had some great meetens. The soldiers turned out well. The open-air work was grand, and the barracks was crowded nearly every night last week. We was anxious to get all the harvest we could in, so we had to do some sharp cutten. When Ensign struck on excuses there was a good many got their props knocked out. Some people was goin to report him fer speakin the English language too plain, but the devil missed his mark, and struck a hard knot. Souls got saved in nearly every meeten last week, some wonderful cases too. Sunday was a great day. We started out bright and early, with a large crowd on the march, before knee-drill. It was almost a continuous battle throughout the day. The devil didn't get an inch of ground to plant tares in, and we rejoiced before leaven the barracks that night over thirteen for the day. We was greatly assisted in the Sunday's fight by three converts of the Campbell corps, who, in order to get down bad to take the freight train by night, spenden all night in the train and about the sta-



Recruiting-Sergeant Evans, Wife and Family, Medicine Hat.

ished up with two souls. Capt. Le-bans made a nice speech about the troop, and everybody clapped their hands, as if they were driven a lot of sheep out of a turnip field.

I tell you, air, we had a great time at Newcastle. Of course, we was a bit tired sometimes, but that was nothin. God wonderfully paid us fer it all. Some of the results was fifty for salvation, five for holiness, two thousand three hundred and five at attendance at the indoor meetens, and three hundred and two at the open-air.

We were called in to see a young man who was dielin in rapid consumption. When asked if he was converted he said no, but that he would like to be, so right away in his room he knelt down and gave his heart to God, and died, in His love and mercy, saved his soul. In six days from that time he went to meet his God, leavin a bright testimony behind that he was goin to be with Jesus.

One man, who had not been into a religious meeten for sixteen years, came into our meeten un-believer, and went out a converted man.

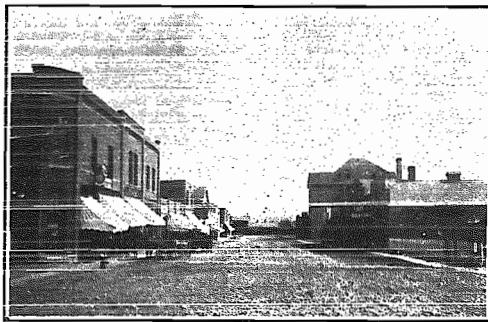
Two others, لندن cornet players in the Orange Band, were converted, also a drummer and euphonium player of the same band.

In one family the father, two sons, and two daughters were converted, and in another the mother, two sons, and a daughter.

We are glad to say that the converts are taken their places grand. The bandmen are also turned out now on the Army march to play for Jesus.

We thank the kind friends of Newcastle for all their kindness to us, and the soldiers deserve much credit for their faithfulness and hard work to make our meetens a success. The Sergt-Major denied himself of one meeten, and worked by night in a watchman's place, and let him come to the meeten to get saved. Captain J. D. Le-bans and Lieut. M. Holden are in charge here, and are doing a good work. They worked about night and day while we were there, and God has already rewarded them.

We now say good-bye to Newcastle and turn our faces towards Campbellton for two weeks only, before goin to Hillsboro—Farmer Tom.



Toronto St., Medicine Hat, N.W.T. The second building on the right hand side, facing the picture, is the Army Barracks.

words "Salvation Army" upon it. He told me he had got converted and was a member of the Army, and said it was a pleasure to him to pay whatever debts he owed.

"I think that was a fair sample of practical Christianity," was the concluding remark, and we all agreed that it was.—J. L.

A CHILD MESSENGER OF GOD.

The still form of a little boy lay in a coffin, surrounded by mourning friends. The undertaker came to the room and asked to look at the lovely face. "You wonder why I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof, and found your little boy close behind me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with a childish wonder, and asked frankly, 'aren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' and, before I had time to answer, he said, 'Ah, I know why you weren't afraid—you had said your prayers this morning before you went to work.' I had not prayed, but I never forgot to pray from that day to this, and by God's blessing I never will."

God never gives His power to feed our pride.

The dove of promise comes in response to prayer.

It takes a brave man to retreat from temptation.



Wife and Family of Sergt-Major Theo. Littleford, Medicine Hat.



Bro. Joe. Sands, Medicine Hat Corps.

The Red Knights

IN THE
Territories and Manitoba.

OH, THE MUD-TEA PARTY AT AN OLD FRIEND'S—CROWDS FAR
BEYOND EVERY ANTICIPATION—A DEFINITE DELIVERANCE AT
THE PENITENT FORM—CORNET AND VIOLIN SOLOS—
AFFECTION OF MOSQUITOES NOT APPRECIATED.

"Regina next!" The conductor's stentorian tones sounded lacking in sympathy as his cry roused us from the various postures of bivouac slumber in which we had settled after the warm farewell from Moose Jaw, in which, although long past midnight, a crowd of soldiers, converts, and outsiders joined. The morning was grey and cold—perhaps we felt a bit of both, but there on the platform, conspicuous in the welcoming group, was the tall figure of Bro. Peacock, whose manifest delight at seeing so much of Toronto again went straight to our heart and warmed it. We were all glad to see our old friend again, who has not shrunk in weight or warmth since his farewell as Sergt.-Major of the Temple corps. With what enquiries did he search us, and with what messages did he lead us for this corner of the battlefield, which is evidently the home-field to him.

Regina mud! Its quality, quantity, and characteristics deserve a whole chapter to itself. But as one has to see it, feel it—we were going to say stick in it—to appreciate it, long explanations would be useless. "Is it always as black, and deep, and sticky?" we asked, as we plodded our way through it to the barracks. "Not quite always," said our conductress, "but then, you see, there is such fertility in the soil you can grow anything in it." No wonder we inwardly ejaculated when we had almost feared we should have to grow in it ourselves. But round our visit to Regina there hung other and more pleasant memories. The kindness and appreciation of the people we shall never forget.

What a tea-party that was at Mrs. Peacock's. Round the exquisite cleanliness of her smiling board she found room for every one of us, and from that little homelike feast we went out to the one dry spot in the town for our open-air, refreshed in body and soul. The outside meeting was a distinct hit. Every word, sung and spoken, received breathless attention, and the collection was record-sweeping—fourteen dollars in but a few minutes. A four-dollar bill replenished one tambourine, while a gentleman threw three into a pile of silver in the other, saying, "I am an infidel, but I want to help your work, which I believe in."

To be or not to be, that was the question. In various classic attitudes we stood in this Shakespearean inde-

cision. The issue at stake, the taking of the Town Hall in lieu of the barracks for the night's meeting—the cause of hesitation, the lowering gloom of storm-clouds. Local weather prophets gave their opinions, the pros and cons of crowds were discussed, finally Brigadier Pugmire decided upon taking the hall anyway and believing for the crowd. It was well that he did, for not only did the heavens dry their tears and put on a smile of encouragement, but a crowd far beyond every anticipation jammed the hall from end to end. The musical festival went with a swing from first to finish. At

very inconsiderately went off without us. Our feelings are better imagined than described. It was the 24th of May, and great meetings we were to have conducted all day at Brandon. All we could do was to send a wire of commiseration to Mrs. Ensign Wynn, and wait for the local.

It came at last—only about two hours late—a long line of freight trucks with an uncubioned car, called by courtesy passenger, incidentally included. After dawdling round for a purpose which our penetration failed to discover, we at length started. If our readers have ever traveled on a freight, they will sympathize with us for the next nine hours. Sometimes it was a car off the track ahead, and sometimes the engine was taking in water (what an alarming threat engines must have!) sometimes we seemed to stay but for reflection—but the waits appeared to our uninitiated feelings interminable.

Between the intermittent jerkings of our locomotive, some of our party found time to take photographs of the scenery, the children to go across the street to buy candies, and one intrepid member to dash into a restaurant and secure replenishment for the Knightly teapot!

It was nine o'clock when at last Brandon was reached. Its streets were teeming with a holiday crowd, many of



Red Knights in Mining Costume.

People were turned away from the night meeting—the large hall was crowded almost to suffocation. The Rev. N. S. Henry, a warm friend of our work, was present and prayed earnestly for the people to respond to the Brigadier's fervent appeal. Before there was one stir in the dense crowd, two volunteers from the back walked bravely to the front—both were exceptionally sincere, the woman remaining at the penitent form for over an hour, making sure of a definite deliverance. The man got happily through and met us on the platform a few days after to tell us that salvation was the best thing in the world.

The musical festival on Monday night was a record-breaker. The huge crowd was in tip-top spirits and enjoyed every number up to the hilt. The party were in excellent trim, despite their nine weeks' trip; in fact, one who had met them elsewhere said that cornet, violin, and vocal solos were at their best.

Mrs. Ensign Wynn entertained us to a festive repast at the close of the campaign, had provided us all excellent billets, and treated us in royal fashion. The campaign was A 1 for financial results, and, better still, saw the definite surrender of fourteen souls.

The heavens opened again upon us at Carberry, and our faith underwent a severe test as the strong winds and waters surged round. However, the rain ceased just in time, and the setting sun was reflected in every puddle of the dripping sidewalk as we sallied forth to the open-air stand. We had a rousing time opposite a large saloon, with a collection worthy of the West and Carberry. Our inside meeting was conducted in the barracks, a compact and comfortable building.

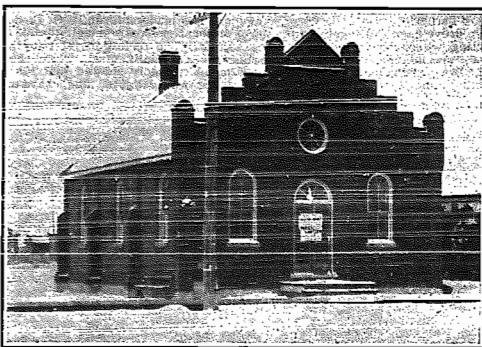
Our first sight of Portage la Prairie was all in its favor. As we drove through its leafy streets to our hospitable billets we were decidedly prepossessed—it is a prairie town of pleasant situation, surrounded with rich fertility and farming wealth.

Our two meetings conducted in the large and airy barracks were well attended, well appreciated, and not without the manifestation of blessing. But Capt. Taylor, to whose energetic advertisement the campaign owed much, is sure that the inspiration was more widely felt than by the thirteen who definitely sought God's help at the pentecost form.

"I only wish you could all have stayed longer," was his parting comment.

On the last afternoon we made an interesting trip to the Indian encampment. The swarthy tribe received us gladly, and brought out their store of treasures new and old, for our inspection and purchase—new and old very literally, for one squaw presented for our favor a pair of moccasins suspiciously like those which we had noticed on her own feet.

Altogether Portage has left pleasant recollections, despite the mosquitoes, who showed an alarming affection for us all.



S. A. Barracks, Carberry, Man.

the close a stalwart member of the mounted police knelt bravely at the front, his soul overcome with the thought of a backslidden soldier brother at the front in South Africa.

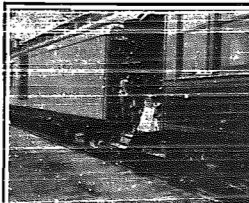
Moosem is a quaint little prairie town, and clad in its spring beauty, its pretty residences looked at their best. Although our crowds here were not up to what we have had at other places, yet the musical meeting was well appreciated and not without visible results. God keep that broken-hearted backslider to his renewed vows.

Our 4.30 a.m. train was reported three hours late, and we hastened to snatch a few hours sleep before setting off at seven in a dismal drizzle to board the cars for Brandon. We were told, however, that the train was again three hours later, and repaired to the hospitable home of the Sergt.-Major, there to await its arrival. But even station agents are not infallible, and, as to relate, the train came in an hour earlier than we expected and

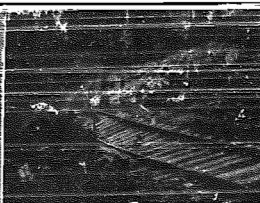
them waiting expectantly for our tardy arrival. Without waiting for a mouthful or a moment, we went straight into the meeting, which, although so late in the start, was an enthusiastic time, and no doubt set the pace for the triumphant week-end that followed.

It was a regular prairie wind that assailed our open-air stand on Sunday morning. To hold on to one's hat with one hand while exhorting with the other was the only course possible. But while the crowd could stand the boisterous weather, we could brave it for their sake, and the open-air were not without point and result. Every one of the indoor engagements was above the average. The holiness meeting was a heart-searching season, and some touching surrenders found place at the pentecost form.

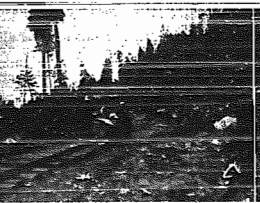
Both afternoon and night the broad doors of the division were taken down and the barracks displayed in all its spacious length. It is a fine and commodious structure. The close of the afternoon meeting was electric with intense feeling. People cried all over the building while the children sang and the first to volunteer for pardon was a broken-hearted little Sabbath-school boy. He was followed by the long-withheld heart of a backslider.



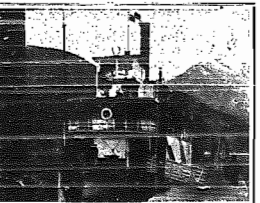
"Good-bye, Pearl and Willie."



Washout, Kootenay Landing.



That Awful Basket of Instruments. Steamer Nelson, Red Knights Aboard.



Major and Mrs. McMillan Visit the "Industrial City."

Eleven Souls at the Mercy Seat.

Major and Mrs. McMillan, with the Cashier, spent Self-Denial Saturday and Sunday at Woodstock. Saturday evening, as our train pulled up to the station sweet strains of familiar music greeted us. Ensign and Mrs. Slote, with their brass band and soldiers, had assembled at the station to give their esteemed Provincial Officer a real hearty, blood-and-fire welcome, and in this they succeeded admirably.

A procession was formed and we marched to the Market Square, where the Ensign conducted a rousing open-air meeting. The Major gave a short, forcible talk on the evils of intemperance. We had not long got our feet dry, however, of the truth he had been telling, as several drink-victims were standing around our open-air.

In spite of the many other attractions, Saturday being a holiday, we had a nice crowd present at the inside meeting, and had

A Good Beginning
for our week-end campaign.

The Sunday morning business meeting was a time of blessing to our souls. The Major gave a stirring, heart-searching talk on "Consecration for Service," and nine came forward, eight for a deeper consecration and one for salvation.

Sunday afternoon was a real Salvation free-and-easy. Quite a number of outside friends were present and spoke in the meeting. One old gentleman, a Baptist, over eighty years of age, spoke very earnestly.

Sunday evening we gathered on the Market Square, where a large crowd of people had assembled and gave the greatest attention to our songs and testimonies. There was an splendid opportunity in Woodstock for open-air work. The band was present in full force and played well.

When we returned the hall was well filled. Mrs. McMillan very characteristically appealed to the young people present to "remember their Creator in the days of their youth," after which the Cashier sang.

The Major talked from those words of Pilate's, "What shall I do, then, with Jesus, which is called Christ?" As he put the question to the unsaved present, "What are you doing with Jesus?" deep conviction was felt, and three yielded and cried for pardon, and the mercy-seat, two sisters and one brother. The brother at one time had been a good soldier, and used to walk seven miles to get to knee-drill, but he had fallen back again into sin, but again and cleansed his heart. He

Delivered Up His Pipe and Tobacco, which Ensign Slote speedily smashed to pieces on the spot. The Major brought the meeting to a close with a "Hallelujah wind-up." Everyone seemed happy, although a little tired after the day's battle. We had eleven souls, and our twenty souls for the week-end.

Ensign and Mrs. Slote are booming God's work with all their energies, at Woodstock. Self-Denial is an assured triumph, and the Ensign promised the Major his full S.D. grade, with per-sonae over. The Locals, bandmen, and soldiers have taken hold of the effort with vim, and are now almost through, before the actual S.D. week comes on. Well done, all! We feel the man has deserved a special word of commendation. They are working nobly. They have just purchased a complete set of new music, and under the able direction of their new instructor, bid fair to be second to none in the Province. May God bless and prosper them.

We were pleased to see Sergt. Major Paul recovered from his recent accident, and present, in the salvation war with his old-time enthusiasm. The Junior work in Woodstock, too, is moving along in the right direction under the management of Bro. Cleaver, the J. S. Sergt-Major. They seemed

A Busy, Happy Crowd,

deeply engaged in getting their Self-Denial ticket just now.

Capt. Knudsen is resting at Woodstock, was present at some of the meetings. The Captain has been laid aside for some time now, but we believe God is restoring her to her usual

health again, and we hope to have her soon at the front of the battle.

The Major is well pleased with the condition of the work in the Industrial City, and purposes seeing them a visit again shortly, with his Camp-Meeting Brigade, to hold a series of camp-meetings. The success of our meetings was largely due to the creditable way Ensign and Mrs. Slote had announced and worked up the interest. We predict for them a very successful stay in Woodstock—Amo Dies.

Major Turner and Ensign Habkirk on Tour.

We reached Kingston after a short run from Napanee, and drove to Sunbury. The drive was much enjoyed. We reached Sunbury at five o'clock, but I must confess if they had not told me it was Sunbury I should not have known. The barracks was a lovely little building, and Capt. J. Slater, the officer in charge, was very friendly. The crowd was not very large, owing to this being the night before market day, and most of the people were getting their loads ready for market, and those who were not going to market were busy finishing their seedling. However, we had a good time, and everyone present enjoyed the music and singing, and the short address by Major Turner.

We drove back to Kingston after the meeting, where we were to have three days' special meetings. Saturday night was announced as a welcome meeting, and truly they gave us a

did good service all through the special series of meetings. Inside we had a lively free-and-easy. The Major's subject was "True Patriotism," which he dealt with in his usual pleasing manner.

The open-air at night, held by the lake, was a good one. A very large crowd gathered in close to us in order to catch the words of the songs and testimonies given. Time seemed to fly quickly, for we seemed scarcely to get started when it was time to go to the barracks. This proved to be the crowning effort of the day. The beautiful evening enabled a good crowd to gather. Short addresses were delivered by Capt. Weir and Ensign Habkirk. The latter also sang a beautiful solo, entitled, "Calling the Roll," which was followed by a powerful address from Major Turner on "Telescopes." The prayer meeting was a hard-fought one, but we were enabled to rejoice over five souls plunging in the fountain. Hallelujah!

Monday's night's meeting was announced as a "Musical," and was properly named. Major Turner acted as chairman, and also contributed to the program by singing a French solo. Ensign Habkirk sang several songs, while Adj. McNamara accompanied him on the guitar in a mandolin solo. I must not forget to mention the children, who added much to the program, especially the Boys' Brigade, who, under the leadership of R. O. L. Sergt. Major Kench, are making rapid progress. The recitations of Baby Moke were especially good, while the demand for more showed that the audience was delighted and charmed by



A Scene in Manitoba.

welcome, and made us feel right at home. We had a rousing open-air, after which we proceeded to the barracks, where a good crowd had gathered. The usual preliminaries were gone through, such as songs, welcome speeches, etc., then we had a red-hot testimony meeting. One brother shouted and danced, while Capt. Slater, who was in from Sunbury, was heard to say, "I doubt, but I am sure, that he could scarcely contain himself. Ensign Habkirk read the Bible lesson from Proverbs III. 6.

Sunday was a beautiful day, the weather being all that could be desired, which, no doubt, helped to strengthen our faith. The knee-drill was largely attended, and the spirit of expectancy seemed to possess every heart. As the end drew near, all were crying out for the Lord, and it was good to be there. At 10:20 we gathered for a march, and a short open-air was held on the Market Square, after which we made our way to the barracks, where a good crowd had assembled, and we were soon in the midst of a beautiful business meeting. A volunteer offering was taken, when all were requested to bring their offering and lay it on the table. A good number responded, and the total offering was doubled. Ensign Habkirk then sang "The Hundredfold," after which Capt. Habkirk spoke of his call to the work, and urged upon all the importance of obedience to the call of God. Major Turner followed with a very practical talk on "A Call to the Front," backing home the call to the hearts, and consciences of all present. Three sought a deeper experience.

The afternoon meeting was preceded by a good march, headed by the Kingston brass band, which, by the way,

the eloquent powers of the little tot, aged five years. Another very pleasing feature of the program was a violin solo by Mrs. Downey. Major Turner drew the meeting to a close by a short Bible reading, and in the prayer meeting that followed one soul returned to the fold.

Prescott was the next place of interest to us, where we were met by no less a personage than the worthy D. O. of the Cornwall District, Adj. Newman, who has just taken charge of Prescott. We were accompanied by Capt. Weir, also Capt. Clark, of Belleville. This is really an old battle-ground of both these gentlemen, the former having spent several months in Prescott, while the latter distinguished himself by many battles in Odessa, across the river. With all these celebrities it goes without saying that we had a good time. The Lieutenant and soldiers from Odensburg joined us in the open-air, and a large crowd stopped to listen. In the barracks, which was crowded to the doors, we had a splendid time. We were made to feel perfectly at home by a hearty volley from the comrades. The meeting was a musical one, interspersed by short addresses by the officers and soldiers present. Special features of the meeting were a French solo by Major Turner, a Scotch song by Capt. Weir, and "The Demolition," by Ensign Habkirk. The Bible lesson was read by the Major, and in the prayer meeting one backslider returned.

The next and last place to be visited on this trip was Morrisburg. Here we met the renowned Harmonic Revivalists, who are at present holding forth in this place. Great announcements had been made, and around the open-

air a large crowd gathered. For some time we dealt with them there, and then, invited to the barracks, which was nearly filled. The combined efforts of the Revivalists and ourselves, also Ensign and Mrs. Brindley, rearing officers from the U. S. field, brought forth a good meeting, which everyone enjoyed very much.

After waiting at the wharf for about three hours for a boat which did not come, we decided to take the train for home, where we arrived about ten o'clock in the morning, tired, but happy, and praising God for victory—Jo.

Hallelujah Wedding at Fargo.

The marriage of Ensign Minnie Collett to Bro. Homer Bentley was celebrated at Stone's Music Hall, on Wednesday, May 21st, in the presence of a large gathering. Staff-Capt. Phillips, Chancellor of the North-West Province, conducted the service.

As the first song was being sung the bridal party marched in and took their places on the platform. Adj. Thomas asked God's blessing upon the bride and groom, and the guests assembled. Capt. Geo. Gamble soloed "Jesus is the dearest," after which the Staff-Captain made some kind and fitting remarks, and called upon several to speak. Ensign A. Hayes, the officer in charge of the service, was very happy, and had great reason to be. She was pleased that she was getting such an old warrior and faithful Salvationist as the Ensign for a soldier. Adjutant Thomas had known the bride for a number of years, and was glad to be present on this happy occasion. Several others spoke, and there was singing and instrumental music.

The Chancellor read the Articles of Marriage, while the contracting parties, assisted by Capt. Edwin Gamble, of Moorhead, and Sergt-Major Stables, stood forward. The "I wills" were heard distinctly from both parties. The Rev. Mr. Day, of the First Presbyterian Church, gave a few very suitable remarks, and pronounced them man and wife. The audience did some hearty hand-clapping.

The groom was called upon to speak, and said that his intentions were to live for God alone. The bride and bridesmaid sang a duet, to the delight of all, and the bride spoke. The Rev. Mr. Day also said a few words, and the Staff-Captain made a strong appeal to the bride to live for God. The meeting was brought to a close. Every one was pleased. Ice-cream was served at the close. Great credit is due to the officers and comrades for the success of the occasion.—One Who Was There.

TIMES OF SALVATION IN OTTAWA.

Self-Denial Sunday at Ottawa. God's Spirit wonderfully poured out from knee-drill to close at night. Band turned out in new summer caps. Bandmaster Smith, from Montreal, assisting all day. Christians from other cities and soldiers all on fire, both of all.

Twelve Souls

went their way to Calvary, amongst whom was the wife of one of last Sunday's converts, brought by her little boy. Very touching scene. Converts doing well, soon have another lot of soldiers waiting hard for S.D. Bless, and smile target.—Fred R. Bloss, Ensign.

ADJT. AND MRS. MILLER AT NEW-MARKET.

The special meetings conducted by Adj. and Mrs. Miller, at Newmarket, Saturday and Sunday, May 21st and 22nd, were well attended. The addresses on Bermuda and the Naval and Military League, by the Adjutant, and the Self-Denial of a Queen, by Mrs. Miller, were highly appreciated. The service was shown in a practical way by the offerings, which were twice as large as the average, and larger than any week-end income for years back.

Many souls deeply convicted, and converted, in good spirits for S.D. battle. Come again, Adj. and Mrs. Miller.—Capt. M. Wilson.

FROM THE FRONT LINE

Hoist the Flag.

Annapolis.—Mrs. O'F.—"Now, Mrs. McCarthy, of that aint the sweetest baby aint it? I think she's jest lovely, too. You've 'er dressed up so nice looking, too."

Mrs. McC.—"Yass, Mrs. O'Flanigan, the weather was so warm I thought O'F'd bring 'er along wld me, an' I was wantin' to tell ye how the Army is gittin' on. Ye know last week was ther Self-Denial week."

Mrs. O'F.—"Now, ye don't say, fer I niver heard a word uv it."

Mrs. McC.—"It's me that knows it, mum. Sure an' didn't I have a card meself to collect on, an' usen' tanks over on Friday fer your subscription, only the baby tuk on so bed I darren't leave 'er."

Mrs. O'F.—"Well now, an' did ye really have a target?"

Mrs. McC.—"Sure an' that I did, an' struck it, too—wld fifty cents over. Moke was that surprised when I towd him bo holloed like to scare all in the house. Irvy was uv the collectors did remarkably smart, "the ladies and the niver seed collectors more cheerfull an' joyful over ther Self-Denial."

Mrs. O'F.—"How much were ye to git?"

Mrs. McC.—"The target was \$45, an' in one week we got ther whole uv it, wld a dollar bill over. Praise the dear Lord fer it! It was jest through prayin' and follerin' Him that we reached our mark. Insign Brown read ter how much each collector gathered on Sunday afternoon, an' requested Bro. Riley to come down an' hoist the flag to the top, which he did so. Now, jest a partin' word, Mrs. O'Flanigan, on the 5th of June there's to be a wedding, but I can't tell ye who the parties is yet—but it's to be a rousin' toime, fer the Brigadier's com'n, an' many other distinguished officers."—Bitters.

A Two Days' Campaign.

Holleville.—We are having blessed times. Many are convicted of sin, and we are believing for souls. Captain Liddell has arrived to see us, and on the 1st, Capt. Fosh gave a magic lantern service on Saturday, which was very nice. Major Turner has also been with us, conducting officers' councils and public meetings. Everyone was pleased to see him. Everyone Harkirk's handjaps were appreciated. Our new D. O. and a number of officers from other corps were also present. On Monday night we had a good meeting, and three heads up their hands for prayer. A half-night of prayer on Thursday night wound up the gatherings.—C. C. Millie Parks.

Converts Doing Well.

Carberry.—Since last report God has been working in our midst. Three souls have claimed forgiveness, and the converts are doing well. The crowds and interest are good, and we believe that the near future will show greater results. We are looking forward to the Red Knights' visit, praying that it shall be a blessing.—Onlooker.

A Backslider Reclaimed.

Collingwood.—God is blessing us and souls are being born again. We have had a visit from our D. O., Ensign Smith, and it was good to meet with greater results. A backslider was reclaimed in her meeting. We give God all the glory and march on.—J. M.

Forty Souls.

Dills.—Sunday was a day of victory. The holocaust meeting was a blessed one, and it was good to be there. After this meeting the Lieutenant and myself walked six miles to the outpost for the afternoon meeting there. Three comrades took their stand as soldiers to fight in the ranks of the Army. Three weeks ago we opened a new warfare there. We arrived home in time for the night meeting. Much of God's presence was felt, and when

we started the first invitation chorus. "Coming home," two backsliders knelt at the feet of Jesus. At the wind-up one more came out. We can report forty souls since last report.—J. Baggis.

They Returned Home.

Dresden.—We have had blessed times all week and on Sunday. We had very good crowds, excepting Sunday night, when it rained very hard. Two backsliders have returned home.

He Wept Bitterly.

Gravenhurst.—We have just finished good week-end meetings, which were led by Ensign and Mrs. Cookerill, from Aurora. Although we did not see any visible results, many left the barracks under deep conviction. One dear brother wept bitterly, but would not yield to God. We are looking forward to a mighty break, and are earnestly pleading for it. The collections were splendid. We all say, "Come again, Ensign."—Colin McLane.

Hubbard and Wife Saved.

Hamilton II.—Thirteen gathered at knee-drill on Sunday to pray that God would give us a day of victory. The noisiness meeting was beyond description. Forty-five were present and God came upon us all. Some up-to-date testimonies were given that will live long in our memories. That warrior in the fight, Adj. Jordan, dropped in to see us and gave a profitable talk on the good and bad of holocausts, and with God. Bro. Geo. Bradley, of the Temple corps, was present. Five came to the mercy-seat, confessing their sin, and received the assurance that God had touched their hearts. The afternoon and night meetings were times of great blessing and encouragement. At night the subject, "Knockin'," was appropriate, and a husband and wife knelt at the mercy-seat.—Fraggle.

The Barracks was Packed.

Lisgar St.—We were all looking forward to Sunday, May 11th, when Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs, the Training Home Miss, and twenty Cadets would be with us. We had lovely weather, good crowds, and the barracks was packed at night. The Colonel's Bible talks were deep and heart-stirring, and the songs and testimonies of the soldiers were listened to very attentively. On Monday night the representative meeting was just grand, the Cadets doing well. Ample justice was done to the tables of good things provided by soldiers and friends. The collections were above the average. God bless the Cadets, and make them strong and mighty soul-winners.—Sergt. Mrs. Stickle, C.C.

Life-Boat Service.

Little Bay Island.—We have had a life-boat meeting, which was much enjoyed by all. Lieut. Chronicle was with us, and sang a beautiful solo. The singing was much appreciated, and many were led to say, "Come again, Lieutenant."—C. C. Emily Oxford.

Never Give In.

Loe Cove.—God has been blessing us very much, and souls are being saved. We never intend to give in till we see all the people of this place serving the Lord. He is our help and guide, and we shall conquer through his name.—E. M., Lieut.

A Sweet Singer.

Lunenburg.—The Self-Denial is now the daily theme amongst Salvationists and friends here, and there is every prospect that we will reach the target. Capt. Tatem, who has been alone since the Halifax Councils, has been working hard to make it a success. We have had an ice-cream social. A great singing and a good speaker, from Bridge-water, were with us.—Louis, the Norwegian.

Push the Battle.

Montreal I.—We can praise God that we are still in the fighting line against sin and the devil. We had a visit from our Chancellor, Adj. Creighton, on the 18th, and God came near and blessed his labor with two precious souls. We all received a blessing from the Adjutant's talk, and intend to push the battle to the gate.—A Soldier.

Sure to Win.

Neepawa.—Since last report we have had open-air meetings during the week, and while only a few soldiers attend on the week-nights, we are going forward to fight against sin, and mean to have the victory. On Sunday we had good meetings, and at night we fought hard. Although no one would yield we felt that we had done our best, and left the rest in God's hands. The fight is tough, but with God on our side we are sure to win. Hallelujah!—A Soldier.

The Bandmaster Farewells.

Neisson.—We have lost our Bandmaster, work being so scarce in Neisson he went to Spokane. Of course, we were sorry to see him go, as it means the breaking up of the band, but what is our loss is others' gain. We had the Red Knights of the Cross with us, and can report a real good time. The singing and the music was splendid. Willie and Pearl did remarkably well. The weather was unfavorable. It simply poured with rain the first night they were here.—White Wings.

Smashed the Target.

North Head.—Capt. Richards is a hustler. She has not only reached the Self-Denial target, but has gone four dollars over it. We feel proud of our officers. God bless them. Praise God, we can shout victory, and look at the pieces of smashed target. Send us a new one next year, and a bigger one if Capt. Richards is here—Corps-Cadet Daizell.

Seven Precious Souls.

Prescott.—God's Spirit has been working in our midst, and we can report victory over self, sin, and the devil. Seven precious souls have knelt at the cross for pardon. God bless them.—Mrs. Umm.

His Life-Story Told.

Stellarator.—Tuesday evening was our tri-weekly united meeting, led by the D. O., Adj. Wiggins, assisted by all the District officers, including Lieut. Fawson, late of the warship Buzzard, who gave part of his life-story to the gathered multitude. The wild man from Westville, is bound to let no grass grow under his feet, and does his best to announce the meeting, sometimes by very uncertain sounds. God is blessing us, and we are having victory.—Ye Old Man.

We Would See Jesus.

St. Stephen.—The district council was held here last week. Our D. O. and officers from every corps in the District, with the exception of Woodstock and Grand Meads, were present, also from St. John. At the public meeting on Monday there was a large audience and the Brigadier spoke very eloquently from the words, "Sir, we would see Jesus." One young man knelt at the mercy-seat. Lieut. H. White, who has had charge of the corps for a few weeks, farewelled on Sunday night, to a good audience. Although the Lieutenant has been here only a short time, she has made many friends, who regret her departure very much. She goes to North Sydney, with the best wishes of every comrade and friend for her continued success and prosperity. Capt. Green, and Lieut. Riley have just arrived to lead us on to victory.—Soldier.

His Wife Soon Followed.

Theodore.—This has been considered a hard place for some time, but we have had the joy of pointing a few to the Saviour. The meetings on Sunday were somewhat stiff, but with prayer and faith we gained the victory. While we were singing, a man who had been attending the meetings for some time, came right out to the mercy-seat, and shortly after his wife followed. It did our hearts good to hear them pray, and glory be to God, they were not turned away disappointed. We are praying and believing for more.—Pickie and Cook.

Almost Wrecked.

Twillingate.—We have been favored with a visit from our Provincial Officer, Brigadier Smeeton, and also Adj. McGillivray. On Saturday night they held a lantern service entitled, "Almost wrecked," which was very interesting and impressive. Sunday was a day of blessing, and as the Brigadier story counsels wishes him. The people's hearts were touched. At night two came forward and claimed salvation.—John T. Gillingham.

Four Sought the Saviour.

Vancouver.—Four men have sought and found the Saviour. Hallelujah! How sweet it is to see men and women turn from a life of sin and darkness to one of purity and light in Jesus. The enemy is ever the same, and the fight is hard, but with God on our side victory is ours. "If God be for us, who can be against us." Forward, comrades! is our watchword. Jesus, the King of Glory leads.—H. N. M.

He Did His Best.

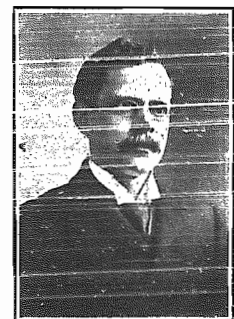
Wallaceburg.—We have said goodbye to Bro. Woods, who has gone to Watford to fight for God. We miss him very much, as he was always willing to do his best for God. I am sure every comrade wishes him God-speed, and our prayers shall follow him. We will say, "God bless Ernie."—Al.

One Sister Surrendered.

Watford.—There was some good firing in the ranks of the enemy on Sunday, and one dear sister surrendered herself to God. The Spirit of God is working, and we are in for victory.

A Coming Officer.

Westville.—On Saturday and Sunday Cadet Chislett was with us, on her way from Dominion to Canning. She is a coming officer, who has grown up in the ranks of the Army. God bless her. Monday was our tri-weekly united meeting, and a splendid time we had. Quite a number of New Glasgow and Stellarator soldiers were here, besides the officers. Lieut. Fawson gave his life-story on board of H.M.S. Buzzard.—G. F. T.



Rev. Alex. Douglas, Larimore, N.D., a Staunch Friend of the S. A.

Through Cape Breton.

The reviva' fire is spreading in Cape Breton, and a good work is going on throughout the District.

Sydney Mines

is going ahead nicely. I spent a week-end there lately, with the Blood-and-Fire Brigade, and we had a proper time. The whole place was stirred, and five souls knelt at the cross. The building was packed on Sunday, and the income was grand. The town is commencing to boom, and no doubt the Army work will be O.K. in the future. Capt. Miller, who is in charge, is doing well.

North Sydney

is also going ahead nicely, under the leadership of Capt. Lorimer. A few souls are getting saved, and taking their stand for God and the Army. I visited this town a few days ago with the Glace Bay band, and we had a tremendous crowd and a blessed time. Adj. McGillivray gave us a helping hand.

Sydney

is still on the rise, and a number of souls have been saved of late. Ensign Allen is doing well, and we had a lovely time here, especially in the open-air. The crowds were more than delighted, and gave well in the collection.

Louisburg

one of our new openings, is making good progress. Ensign Thompson is doing his best. I had the officers of the District in a few nights ago, and we had a crowded house and a good time. A few souls have been saved of late.

Dominion

has only been open about three months, but we have about twenty soldiers and ten recruits, and souls are being saved almost every week. I had a very special meeting a few nights ago with the Glace Bay band. Our Catholic friends kindly gave us the old chapel for the same, and we had a nice crowd. Six soldiers were enrolled and one soul sought Christ, and ten others requested our prayers. Brigadier Sharp has paid his first visit to Dominion. We had a big time, the people were more than delighted and are anxious to know when the Brigadier is coming again.

Glace Bay

our District Headquarters, is still on the rise, and souls are being saved every week. Brigadier Sharp has just spent a week-end with us, and we had a proper time. Glace Bay people are always delighted when the Brigadier comes their way. The hall was crowded out on Sunday, and many had to be turned away. We had three souls for the week-end, and forty-four dollars income. We have had to enlarge the platform, and make two side platforms, one for the brass band, and the other for the brass band, and still it is too small. The band is a credit to the town and the S. A., and is a great help to the District. They are always ready to give us a helping hand. The Local Officers and soldiers are a proper blood-and-fire lot.

Whitney Pier

was opened last Sunday very successfully, our hall being packed. Ensign Allen had the honor of firing the first shot. Capt. Ritchie takes charge of the corps. We have six good blood-and-fire soldiers to start with, and

there is every prospect of a good work being done. I visited the corps last Friday night, and we had a proper time. Sydney united with us, and a few of the officers came in. The place was packed, and one soul came to Christ. The income for the first week was \$32. I was told that two old ladies of late spent one whole night in prayer for God to send the Salvation Army to Whitney Pier, and now they are rejoicing that their prayers are answered.—J. S. McLean, D.O.

A Big Day at the Temple.

Brigadier Gaskin and Staff put in a Good Sunday at the Temple—Nine Souls the Result.

To do justice in this report, the meetings conducted at the Temple yesterday, by the General Secretary, would require a more skilful penman than the writer. It is true that we have had some real successful Sundays at the Temple of late, out the one just closed, in point of crowds, interest, finances, and souls, was exceptional. The Brigadier was ably assisted by Mrs. Gaskin, Staff-Captain Creighton, Burditt, and Manton, and others. The crowds attending the open-air and marches were very gratifying, a special feature of the former was the original singing and violin-playing of Capt. Urquhart. Indoors also splendid crowds gathered. The band kept up their reputation and did good service all day, both in playing and in the prayer meetings. A quartet formed for the occasion of Staff-Capt. Creighton, Adj. Atwell, Ensign A. Morris, and Lieut. McMillan, rendered several very fine selections. A few words of commendation for the noble work performed by Adj. McAmmond and the soldiers is quite in order also.

The Brigadier's address in the morning, on "Elisha," and the lessons drawn from the life of this grand old prophet, brought us to face with the different steps to be taken in order to obtain full salvation.

The 26th Psalm was the subject of the Brigadier's remarks in the afternoon, which were both pointed and forcible. The meeting resulted in three souls coming forward.

At night the Brigadier took for his subject, "The Swallowing of Jordan." His words were pithy and pointed, and gained eager attention from the large audience present. The same can be said also with regard to the earnest talks of Mrs. Gaskin and Staff-Capt. Creighton, while the singing of Staff-Captain Manton and the quartet was especially pleasing. At the close of the prayer meeting we were rejoiced to see six souls kneel at the Master's feet, making a total of nine for the day.—G. W. P.

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

Auntie had been praying very simply, so that the children might follow and understand.

"Do you know what I was thinking about when you were praying?" whispered Eric, confidentially, as they rose from their knees.

"What?" she asked.

"Why I was thinking about the nice top you bought me."

Would you be as honest, and confess where your thoughts wander to during prayer-time? Christ is able to bring your thoughts into captivity to His obedience.

WITH THE INDIANS.

A Family of Five Converted at Port Essington—The Adjutant Roused From His Slumbers to Pray With Them—Great Victories.

Since I returned north we have had a few souls saved. On my visit to Port Essington, in March, six souls professed conversion, and five returned to give glory to God. A woman and her husband sought salvation at the barracks, and on returning home the former's father offered his son-in-law a drink of whiskey, but he refused, and told him he had got saved.

The father replied: "You are not going to heaven alone, I am going with you," and the whole family of five proceeded to Committee Brown's house.

Mrs. Brown and the son-in-law mentioned above came and knocked at the door of the hotel where I was stopping. I heard their voices, jumped out of bed and raised my window.

Committee Brown shouted: "Come, Adjutant, and pray with these people. George Huson wants to get saved."

I quickly dressed and went with them, and after pointing the whole family to Jesus, I returned about one o'clock in the morning.

They are now in uniform, and Geo. Huson played last Thursday, on going to his number camp, "O Lord, help me to save those poor drunkards, who are where I was before You saved me."

Whiskey was the ruin of the whole family.

Since returning here for the fishing season three more have been converted, besides others who have confessed their unbelief.

We are just starting our Self-Denial effort, and although money is scarce, we expect to smash our target.

Many of Ensign Thorkildson's people are down for the fishing season, and there seems to be quite an improvement in them. The Ensign is planting his garden, and looking after the remainder of his flock. He has been sick with pleurisy this winter, but is better again, for which we praise God.

I would like to build a house and get some furniture, and Ensign wants some furniture for his house. We ask you to kindly send along your donations, and help us to do more for the work among the natives of British Columbia.—Robt. Smith, Adj.

RED KNIGHTS AT MOOSE JAW.

I'm of opinion that this town has scarcely seen so great renown; For rioting and carousal still Did every man with wonder fill. The people, while the march passed by,

Did not just stare with careless eye, But into the line behind they sprang, And singing while the chorus rang; To fill the barracks, in they strayed, To see this band in red brocade.

"Blue bells of Scotland" was the air The Ensign played so witching fair. We've often heard it played before, Though so complete, yet he played more.

Away from heights of worlds unknown There came a strain of minor tone; Like loving apparition it— To prove the violinist's wit— This spirit showed itself, then fled Again like one gone to the dead.

Then came the Brigadier's address, Which stirred each heart, I must confess.

By no means was it least, though last, Inspiring for the coming blast, All those who face temptation's moor, Whose faith as Jeus is secure, And thus it changed that slumber, too, Though dead so long, were pricked anew.

For men, with shamed face, hung their head, Responding ne'er a word they said.

To make the joy of all complete, One dozen at the mercy-seat— Three children, too—and all did claim Free pardon through the Saviour's name.

And now, dear Knights of Red, to you I must just say these words, so true: Like in the spring the morning lark, So you, in Moose Jaw, made your mark.

We have no poets—Bards—up here, But know good music when we hear. H. Kruger.

Promoted to Glory.

"ALL IS WELL."

Little Ward's Harbor.—Death has visited our corps and taken away our beloved comrade, Mrs. Adelaide Saunders. About three years ago she gave her heart to God, and since that time has proved the grace of God sufficient. She was loved and respected by all. During the last three months she has been a great sufferer, but we never knew her to murmur or complain. When asked about her soul's welfare, she would say: "All is well." She was wonderfully sustained by the power of Divine Grace, although at times the enemy would endeavor to buffet her faith, yet her trust in God was firm, and she would sing the beautiful chorus, "I am never alone," or "In the sweet by-and-by."

On Sunday morning, April 20th, she passed peacefully away to be with Jesus. We gave her an Army funeral. The memorial service was very impressive, and three souls found pardon through the precious blood, others being convicted.—I. Chronic, Lieut.

IT WAS NOT THE SERMON.

A young man who had listened without repentance to many sermons intended to convert sinners, once heard a sermon by Dr. Addison Alexander on "A city which hath foundations," read aloud in a parlor full of Christians. In a short time he called upon the pastor to ask what he must do to be saved, and said he had had no peace since hearing that sermon.

"What was there in that sermon to bring you to repentance?" asked the preacher.

"Ah!" said the young man, "I looked around and saw a roomful of people going to heaven; their faces were shining with joy and hope; but I had no part in it, and I stopped and asked myself for the first time, 'Where, then, are you going?'"

The great life is made up of greatness in littles.

Many a man must lose his all to find himself.

Sincerity is the best sermon against hypocrisy.

SCENES IN CARBERRY, MAN.



Main St., Looking South.

Main St., After Blizzard, March 15, '02.

Main St., Looking North.

The General Sets the Pace.

CLOSING OF A SUCCESSFUL TOUR.

After close upon a fortnight's absence from London, the General again set foot in the Metropolis last week. His record has been one long program of traveling, meetings, and triumphs. Hallelujah! Though, as the chairman at the last gathering—(he was a medical man)—stated, "The General ought to have been in bed instead of on the platform," the invincible spirit of our leader once more came to the fore, and he kept the "bridge" for an hour and a half!

Oswestry.

This beautiful town was booked for Monday afternoon. If royalty itself had been the expected guest, a warmer welcome could not have been given. The station was extended to the General. The station was crowded, a state of things repeated in the Public Hall, into which pressed upwards of seven hundred people, while scores were sent away. His Worship the Mayor (Councillor Parry-Jones, Esq.) introduced the General, and the latter, to again make use of an Army-honored phrase, captured his audience forthwith. There was quite a difficulty in getting the General to his seat in the train, inasmuch as the railway station was besieged, both outside and in, by enthusiastic soldiers and admirers.

Chester.

Forty-five years ago the General preached in the Pepper Street Chapel, and here it was that he was to speak on Monday night. Several persons who remembered the marvelous soul-saving times of that early-day visit pressed round the veteran again, and there was much mutual joy and thanksgiving. Councillor Vernon presided, in the absence of the Mayor, and expressed the honor he felt at having been selected to introduce so worthy a man to the large congregation.

After one of the General's best efforts, a most cordial vote of thanks was accorded him. The gentleman who seconded the same, a large employer of labor in the city, referred to an incident in connection with the Army's advent. He criticised the Salvationists pretty freely; but about that time was rather reluctantly driven to engage a workman who was known to be a great drunkard. "Ah," he thought, "it doesn't make much odds; he'll lose the situation in a week or two at most." In the meantime the Army got hold of the drunkard, he was converted, and God wrought a revolution in his life. His master noted all this, and one day remarked to him, "Look here, Jim, I could do with that Salvation Army but for the horrid drum!" Whereupon Jim replied, "Sir, it w'udn't been for that

horrid drum they would never have caught me!" Jim worked for this gentleman for ten years, and then died in triumph. Amid loud applause, he added, "I have never had sight to say against the big drum from that day—and I never will!"

Nuneaton

Is an important town of 25,000 inhabitants, and on Tuesday afforded the General one of the best afternoon gatherings he has yet held. Some twelve hundred people crowded into the theatre, under the presidency of R. S. Sney, Esq., J.P. This gentleman placed General Smith in the same category as John Wesley and the other great and good men who had, in their day and generation, done noble service for God and their fellow-men. Beyond dispute, the General "swept the decks." Colonel Lawley says he has never seen crowds more deeply moved. A subsequent speaker very aptly summed up the General's splendid description of what God had enabled the Salvation Army to accomplish by referring to the refuse of the streets, which, taken up and conveyed to the fields, in the course of a few weeks, aided by nature, God's rain and sunshine, etc., burst into life and beauty.

Tamworth.

The Assembly Rooms, on Thursday night, presented another "crum." Dr. Sculthorpe, as chairman, affectionately hailed the General, remarking that he had known both him and the Army for many years, having witnessed its work right away up to now. As already mentioned, the General was very fatigued and suffering from a severe cold, he held the fort, and delivered a telling and impressive address, the memory of which will long survive in the town.

THE CORONATION.

The approaching coronation of King Edward and Queen Alexandra is now a topic of almost universal conversation. The 26th of June is a date that is talked of as a sort of dividing line between an old and a new order of things, and, of course, there is always the possibility that in the record of this date may turn out to be memorable in our history. Whether that may prove to be so or not, however the time has certainly arrived when we, as Salvationists, should consider the attitude we are to adopt towards the festivities that will converge in the celebration of the great event. They are not likely to be altogether free of danger. We see that the Coronation is being put forward as a pretext for many worldly entertainments under the patronage of men who figure in the Christian world. There can be no reason, or just cause, arising out of the coming pageant, to warrant us in departing from our principles of simplicity, moderation in all things, and veneration for authority; and we here raise a warning unto all our officers. They must guard well their flock from the attacks of the enemies that will be prowling about. The spirit of extravagance is one. The spirit of vain glory is another; while that of mere show and demonstration exercises a very destructive influence. We yield to none in loyalty to the Throne and Person of King Edward; but if we are to be honored subjects of the Heavenly Kingdom, we must endeavor to carry out the King's commands, please listen to what we have to say.

We must begin, if we have not done so, to seriously pray for His Majesty and all his family. We must pray that he may be guided by the Holy Spirit, and that he may be able to resist temptation from a higher Throne than that which His Majesty is preparing to ascend. We should pray for the peace of the vast Empire over which King Edward reigns. We should pray that this Coronation may be followed by a fuller enlightenment of the people of this Empire concerning the enormous trust which has been committed to them; and that when the great day of judgment comes, we may be able to say "Christ and Him crucified," should he love of country and Empire. For it is in no John Bull spirit that we say that our country is worth loving for its own sake, and above all because it is yet going to be the birth-place of many a new movement for the salvation of all men.—English Cry.

Training Home Tips

The Chief Secretary has favored the Cadets with a lecture on "Doctrinal Difficulties," which was thoroughly enjoyed.

Brigadier Horn also spoke on the Army "Trado" affairs. It is needless to say many interesting lessons were learned.

The Cadets have smashed their S.D. target.

Ensign Brehaut and the Women-Cadets conducted meetings at Esther St. on Sunday. Good crowds, excellent finances, and three souls.

Capt. Trickey, with the Men-Cadets, did the Sunday's meetings at Dovercourt. The afternoon meeting was held in Dufferin Grove. A good time was spent, finances were trebled, good crowds, and two came out for salvation.

Great interest is being taken in the final examinations, which take place this month.

Brigadier Pickering lectured on a most interesting subject recently. "Love, Courtship, and Marriage," was the theme.

Three hundred and seventy-two houses were visited by the Cadets, and one hundred and fifteen of them were prayed in, on an afternoon recently; besides one hundred and sixty-two hotels bombarded during the week with War Cry.

The Cadets, in addition to their studies and other duties, dispose of over 500 War Cry weekly.

Children in Heaven.

These lines were sent me during the first days of my great sorrow in the loss of my darling little Violet. They were a comfort to bringing a realistic thought of the children's eternal home to my mind, and I pass them on with the prayer that they may comfort some other bereaved heart.—Blanche Read.

"Oh, what do you think the angels

Said the children up in heaven;
"There's a dear little girl coming home to-day."

She's almost ready to fly away.

From the earth we used to live in.
Let's go and open the Gates of Pearl,
Open them wide for the new little girl."

Said the children up in heaven.

"God wanted her where His loved ones meet,"

Said the children up in heaven;
"She shall play with us in the golden street."

She has grown too fair, she has grown too sweet
For the earth we used to live in.
She needs the sunshine, this dear little girl,

That glides this side of the Gates of Pearl."

Said the children up in heaven.

"So the King called down from the angels' dome,"

Said the children up in heaven;
"My little darling, rise and come
To the place prepared in thy Father's home."

The home that My children live in,
Let us go and watch at the Gates of Pearl,

Ready to welcome the new little girl."

Said the children up in heaven.

"Far down on the earth do you hear them weep?"

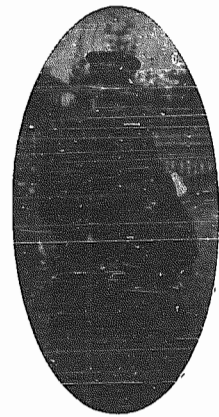
Said the children up in heaven;
"For the dear little girl has gone to sleep!"

The shadows fall, and the night clouds creep

O'er the earth we used to live in;
But we'll go and open the Gates of Pearl."

Oh, why do they weep for the dear little girl?"

Said the children up in heaven.



A Snapshot.

"Fly with her quickly, oh, angels dear!
See, she is coming! Look there, look there!"

At the Jasper light on her sunny hair,
Where the veiling clouds are driven.

Ab, hush, hush, hush, all the swift wings fly
For the King Himself, at the Gates of Pearl,

Is taking her hand, dear, tread little girl,
And is leading her into heaven."

—Anon.

GAMBLING IS ROBBERY.

Gambling, like every other act of a human being, takes its moral character from its motive.

Now, what is the motive of gambling?

I believe it is always, at bottom, the desire to gain the property of another without attempting to give to that other any adequate value or service.

It is distinguished from stealing so much by its motive as by its method.

The thief and the gambler both desire to gain money without making any return; but, in order to gratify this desire, the thief adopts the method of violence or deceit, while the gambler induces his victim, or would-be victim, to consent to be plundered. If he, on his part, may have the chance of plundering his would-be plunderer.

Sometimes the gambler resembles the thief both in motive and method; when, for instance, he resorts to underhand means to deceive the person with whom he enters into apparent mutual risk.

The gambler is one who desires to possess himself of his neighbor's property without attempting to give in return any adequate value for service.

Now, is the motive thus described right or wrong, elevating or debasing? Gambling encourages nothing but selfishness, and, therefore, gambling is evil in its very essence; and principle, and selfishness is always wrong, in small things as well as great, and no man can gamble, even in the lowest degree, without setting the selfish impulse into action.

APHORISMS.

A selfish success is a sad failure.
Heaven oft takes in what earth casts out.

Cowardly fear finds no favor with God.

Many words do not make much wisdom.

God's sympathy is not exhausted in signs.

Actual liberty centers in essential loyalty.

When God's showers cease man's supplies fail.

No man falls of success who conquers himself.

Success is not salvation, but salvation is success.



A Day's Outing for Pearl and Willie.

OUR HUSTLERS HONOR ROLL

Good Old Arab—Trouble Ahead Somewhere—The Cadets Again to the fore—Hurrah for the Corps-Cadets!

Arab has the laugh on Nigger!

It's awful close between East Ontario and Newfoundland.

I think there's some trouble brewing somewhere.

It's hard to prophesy unless you know, isn't it?

The East stands daily first, as usual, and I was going to say, as ever.

The Cadets are again in evidence. They are nearing the end of their T. H. term, and here's best wishes to them all as they start their field experience. Don't forget your old friend, the Cry, lady and asses.

Of course, Lieut. Currell leads with 360, followed by Mr. Dowell, with 300. Then comes Capt. Hockin, 267; Lieut. Moores, 225; Lieut. March, 220, and Capt. McCleod, 210. Brave hearts, all of them!

There's one thing the Central Ontario Province is always ahead in, that's the Corps-Cadet Hustlers. Good for you, Brigadier Pickering. I like that.

Eastern Province.

112 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Halifax I.	300
Lieut. Moores, Sydney	225
Lieut. March, St. John I.	220
Capt. McCleod, Hamilton	210
Capt. Hawbold, Yarmouth	175
Capt. Martin, Fredericton	160
P. S. M. Vehn, Halifax II.	150
G. P. Thompson, Westville	150
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor	140
Capt. Thompson, Charlottetown	130
Lieut. White, St. Stephen	130
P. S. M. Cashin, Halifax I.	115
Capt. Jones, Charlottetown	110
Lieut. Newell, Eastport	110
Sergt. J. Lidstone, Glace Bay	100
Capt. McCadden, New Glasgow	100
Capt. Payne, Somerset	125
Sergt. Flood, Hamilton	100
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	100
Ensign Wilson, Carleton	100
Capt. Davis, Sudbury	90
Capt. Murrough, Liverpool	86
Capt. White, Sackville	86
Lieut. Melkie, Springfield	80
Adjt. Wiggins, New Glasgow	80
P. S. M. Lovely, Fredericton	80
Mrs. Adjt. Critchton, Charlottetown	80
Capt. Armstrong, Truro	76
Lieut. Ferson, New Glasgow	75
Lieut. Richards, Clark's Harbor	75
Capt. Long, Windsor	70
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	60
Capt. Chandler, Canning	60
Capt. Prince, St. George's	60
Sergt. Gibbons, St. George's	60
Capt. Hudson, St. John I.	60
Sergt. Rowe, Fredericton	60
Capt. Miller, Chatham	56
Sergt. Robinson, Amherst	55
Capt. Murrough, Hillsboro	55
Eugene Peckwood, St. George's	54
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	50
Cadet Gossard, Stellarton	50
Capt. Cowan, St. John I.	50
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	50
Mrs. Ensign W. Thompson, Louisburg	50
Lieut. Munroe, Fairville	46
Sergt. Fane, Hamilton	45
Lieut. Ritchie, Bear River	45
Capt. Wyatt, Kentville	42
Lieut. Ginnivan, Kentville	42
Sergt. Mrs. Ward, Charlottetown	42
S. M. Larder, Windsor	40
Lieut. McLehane, Bridgewater	40
Capt. Mercer, St. John I.	40
Smith Duncan, Campbellton	40
Lieut. Cavender, Truro	40
Ensign Knight, Dartmouth	40
Ensign Knight, St. John III.	40
Capt. Miller, St. John I.	40
Capt. Wood, Houlton	40
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton	35

Ensign Carter, Dartmouth	35
Lieut. Duncan, Newcastle	35
Lieut. Holden, Newcastle	25
May Turner, St. John V.	35
Mrs. Capt. Graves, Bridgetown	32
Sergt. Burns, Dartmouth	30
Capt. Bell, Freeport	30
C. Tatem, Lunenburg	30
Capt. Pemberton, Campbellton	30
Sergt. Pitts, Springfield	30
Sergt. McDow, Dartmouth	30
Sergt. McKay, Halifax II.	30
Sergt. Jarvis, Halifax II.	30
Cadet Houghen, Moncton	30
Sergt. Jennings, St. George's	30
Sergt. Marshall, Wainwright	30
Lieut. Ogilvie, St. John V.	30
Capt. Lamont, St. John V.	30
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	30
Sergt. Semple, Fredericton	30
Sergt. Ross, Fredericton	30
Lieut. Elliott, Digby	30
D. Taylor, Glace Bay	25
Sergt. Dennis, Glace Bay	25
Sergt. Smith, Glace Bay	25
Sergt. Major Morrison, Glace Bay	25
Sergt. Crossin, Dartmouth	25
Sergt. Smith, Hamilton	25
Hrs. Dodge, Hamilton	25
Lieut. McKim, Halifax	25
Sergt. Mrs. Fraser, Halifax I.	25
Sergt. Durr, Wainwright	25
Capt. Smith, Moncton	25
Lieut. Nugent, Carleton	25
Capt. Ehsary, Digby	25
Lieut. White, Digby	25
Mrs. Ensign Knight, St. John III.	25
C. C. McCachern, St. John III.	25
P. S. M. Jones, St. John III.	25
Ensign Allen, Sydney	20
Lieut. Clark, Liverpool	20
Mrs. Burr, Woodstock	20
Florence Martin, Truro	20
Capt. Parsons, Amherst	20
Adjt. Byers, Moncton	20
S. M. Kent, Bear River	20
Capt. Hudson, St. John II.	20
P. S. M. Gaus, Fredericton	20
Ella Godsoe, Fredericton	20
Stella Osborne, Fredericton	20

West Ontario Province.

83 Hustlers.

Capt. Hockin, London	267
P. S. M. Hoffman, Woodstock	125
Mrs. Burr, Woodstock	100
Lieut. Coss, Stratford	100
Mrs. Ensign Slote, Woodstock	100
Mrs. Major Cooper, Brantford	100
Capt. Maisey, Brantford	99
Sister Thompson, Wallaceburg	90
Lieut. West, Chatham	85
Capt. Sitzer, Stratford	90
Ensign Crawford, Stratford	90
Capt. Carr, Sarnia	85
Adjt. Scott, Sarnia	85
Daisy Wood, Windsor	80
Lieut. Hingley, Simcoe	80
Lieut. Anderson, Tilsonburg	78
Ensign Jarvis, Essex	75
Mrs. Adjt. Cameron, Guelph	74
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	74
Mrs. Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll	70
Carrie McQueen, Petrolia	65
Lieut. Ellis, Ridgeway	64
Minnie Schuster, Berlin	64
Capt. Cox, Leamington	60
Lieut. Murray, Belknap	60
Adjt. Coombs, Petrolia	60
P. S. M. Tremain, Listowel	60
Lieut. Crafts, Goderich	60
S. M. McLaughlin, Wainwright	60
Adjt. Cameron, Guelph	50
Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	50
Lieut. McColl, Bothwell	50
Sister Howlett, Hepler	50
Mrs. C. Glover, Dresden	50
Mrs. Capt. Ross, Berlin	50
Lieut. Thompson, Windsor	50
Lieut. Yeomans, Paris	45
Reggie Rowe, Brantford	45
Mrs. Cox, Leamington	45
Mrs. Dowell, Palmerston	45
Capt. Barker, Clinton	45
Annie O'Donnell, Galt	40
Capt. Ritchie, Hepler	40
Capt. Young, Forest	40
C. C. Crafts, Chatham	40
Ensign Slote, Woodstock	40
Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll	40
Minnie Butler, Woodstock	40
C. C. G. Cooper, Brantford	35
Ensign Howcroft, Wingham	35
Capt. Pattenden, Wallaceburg	35
Capt. Pickle, Thedford	30
Capt. Hancock, Hepler	30
Capt. White, Ridgeway	30
Capt. Williams, Clinton	30

Capt. Rock, Seaford	30
Huggie Wilson, Simcoe	27
Lieut. Martin, Berlin	27
Huecl Robinson, Windsor	26
Capt. Yeomans, Wingham	25
Maggie Chatterton, Brantford	25
Little Christine, Petrolia	25
Sister Lindsay, Stratford	25
Bella Beach, London	20
Bro. Musgrove, Wroxeter	20
S. M. Graham, Thamesville	20
Robert Broadie, Kingsville	20
C. C. Smith, Tilsonburg	20
Sister Garside, London	20
Mrs. Kerawell, London	20
Sister Ferguson, Drayton	20
Capt. Johnson, Dresden	20
Ensign Helman, Goderich	20
David Virtue, Windsor	20
Cand. Woods, Watford	20
Lieut. Allen, Watford	20
Nellie Brown, Bothwell	20
Rose Ellis, Windsor	20
Dad Christner, Dresden	20
Pearl Hardacre, Chatham	20
Capt. Bonny, Listowel	20
Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	20

Central Ontario Province.

80 Hustlers.

Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I.	260
Sergt. Mrs. Bowcock, Lippincott	175
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound	103
Mrs. Jones, Huntville	100
Mrs. Capt. LeCoeq, Hamilton II.	100
Ensign Hanna, Hamilton	70
Capt. McCann, Yorkville	63
Lieut. Daubener, Yorkville	63
Ensign Lot, North Bay	59
Maud Slater, Barrie	58
Ensign Brant, Ottawa	58
Bro. Hodge, Barrie	52
Lieut. Porter, Collingwood	52
Capt. Stephens, Collingwood	51
Ensign Hyde, Riverside	50
Capt. Hart, Parry Sound	50
Capt. Fisher, Exeter	50
Capt. Matthews, Bar's Falls	50
Sergt. Hatter, Orillia	50
Capt. Rose, Orillia	50
Ensign Smith, Barrie	48
Mrs. Jones, Madoc	48
Lieut. Phillips, Meaford	45
S. M. Hinton, Orillia	43
Sergt. McArthur, Temple	40
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	40
Capt. Cornish, Riverside	40
Mrs. Fullbrook, Barrie	39
Sister Andrews, Temple	38
Lieut. Griffith, Sturgeon Falls	37
Capt. Stickels, Sturgeon Falls	37
Lizzie Bradley, Temple	37
Lieut. Jago, Fenelon Falls	35
Capt. Bond, Sudbury	35
Capt. Clark, Sudbury	35
Capt. Calvert, Huron St.	30
C. C. Norman, Lindsay	30
C. C. Cornell, Lindsay	30
Lieut. Chisholm, Lindsay	30
Lieut. Williams, Kilmount	30
Lieut. Marskell, Brooklin	30
Bro. Louie Cox, Hamilton	30
Bro. Dickson, Dundas	30
Capt. Crook, Brantford	29
C. C. Courtneache, Norland	29
Sergt. Richards, Temple	28
Capt. Brooks, Gravenhurst	28
Lieut. Stickels, Gravenhurst	27
Lieut. Peacock, Brantford	25
Capt. Mahood, Brantford	25
Capt. Cardwaine, Chesley	25
Lieut. Plant, Chesley	25
Cape Rennie, Bracebridge	25
Lieut. Wilson, Bracebridge	25
Sergt. Clark, Lindsay	25
C. C. Gerow, Burk's Falls	25
Capt. Kilvell, Fenelon Falls	25
Capt. Wilson, Newmarket	25
Dad Dixon, Temple	24
Sister K. Vawter, Brantford	22
Treas. Miller, Bracebridge	22
P. S. M. Stundon, Bracebridge	20
S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge	20
Martha Robertson, Fenelon Falls	20
Capt. Cameron, Brantford	20
Ensign Shurvin, Bowmanville	20
Capt. Huskinson, Bowmanville	20
Sergt. Nellie Grenville, Bowmanville	20
C. C. Peck, Meador, Bowmanville	20
Capt. Ryan, Dovercourt	20
Lieut. Minnes, Dovercourt	20
Lieut. Smith, Ottawa	20
Sergt. McChesney, Collingwood	20
Bro. Steward, Collingwood	20
Lieut. Sheppard, Barrie	20
P. S. M. Southwell, Huron St.	20
C. C. Sherdoun, Huron St.	20
Mrs. Adjt. Sims, Lindsay	20
Bro. Hison, Lindsay	20

East Ontario Province.

58 Hustlers.

S. M. Dwyer, Ottawa	167
Sergt. Webb, Burlington	145
Capt. Myers, Montreal I.	130
Capt. Green, Montreal I.	130
Capt. Lang, Barre	100



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Capt. Lang, Ottawa	100
Lieut. Keats, Newport	90
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	85
Capt. Edwards, Quebec	85
Capt. O'Neill, Annapolis	85
Lieut. Fols, Pembroke	80
Lieut. Greenleaves, Trenton	80
Lieut. Langley, Burlington	75
Lieut. Duncan, Brockville	76
Capt. Woods, Kemplville	76
Capt. Newell, Barro	70
C. C. Casselman, Brockville	70
Adjt. Moore, Peterboro	65
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	65
Lieut. Gates, Sherbrooke	65
Capt. Hicks, Pembroke	65
Lieut. Fols, Pembroke	65
Lieut. Holliday, Sherbrooke	65
Capt. Magco, St. Johnsbury	60
Capt. Slater, Sudbury	50
Mrs. Adjt. Moore, Peterboro	50
Capt. Ash, Ogdensburg	50
Capt. Grainger, Perth	50
Mrs. Hippien, Montreal II.	50
Ensign Gammalidge, Millbrook	45
Sergt. Harbord, Ottawa	45
Lieut. Carpenter, Ogdensburg	45
Ensign Blinn, Ottawa	40
S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	40
Sergt. Morse, Newport	38
Capt. Wilson, Tweed	35
Capt. Pitcher, Gananoque	35
Lieut. Soward, Gananoque	35
Capt. Fols, St. Johnsbury	35
Sergt. Vauclair, Montreal I.	32
Sergt. Hornback, Cobourg	31
Sergt. Wright, Montreal	30
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal I.	30
Mrs. Symington, Montreal I.	30
Lieut. "Ulford, Montreal I.	30
P. S. M. Moon, Tweed	30
Capt. Crego, Montreal II.	30
P. S. M. Marshall, Montreal II.	30
Capt. Bloss, Perth	25
C. C. Norman, Brantford	25
Treas. White, Brockville	25
Mrs. Cross, Cornwall	25
S. Stanzel, Carleton Place	25
S. M. Russell, Millbrook	25
S. M. Russell, Millbrook	25
S. M. Russell, Millbrook	25
Mrs. Gifford, Brantford	20
Dad Duquett, Trenton	20

Newfoundland Province.

Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. John's I.	96
Capt. Stickland, Tilt Cove	65
Sergt. Major Ebsary, St. John's I.	60
Lieut. Mercer, St. John's II.	60
Cadet James, St. John's II.	60
P. S. M. Newman, Twillingate	55
Capt. Moore, St. John's I.	55
Sergt. K. Vawter, St. John's I.	55
Nettie Rose, Grand Bank	50
Lieut. Ebsary, Carbonear	47
Sergt. Blackmore, Pilley's Island	45
Lieut. Mercer, Channel	35
Capt. Newell, Carleton Place	35
Lieut. Burt, Bay Roberts	30
Sergt. Evans, Hant's Harbor	30
Sergt. Gertford, Hant's Harbor	30
S. M. Ridout, Tilt Cove	30
Sergt. Carrie Pritchard, Scilly Cove	30
Lieut. Ebsary, Carbonear	30
Mrs. Fynn, Ward's Harbor	30
Joan Taylor, Carbonear	30
Adjt. Fraser, St. John's I.	25
Capt. Sheppard, Clark's Beach	25
Capt. Newell, Carleton Place	25
Sergt. Jane Ash, Carbonear	25
J. S. M. Eddy, Carbonear	25
Mrs. M. Cole, Carbonear	25
Lieut. Ledrew, Grand Bank	25
Capt. Newell, Carleton Place	25
Minnie Hone, Musgraveville	25
Sergt. Honeyburn, Musgraveville	25
Sergt. Crocker, Heart's Delight	25
Lieut. Newman, Gooseberry Island	25
Cadet G. Butler, St. John's I.	25
Cadet G. Butler, St. John's I.	25
Sergt. E. Butt, St. John's I.	25
Sergt. W. Blunden, St. John's I.	25
Cadet H. Connecke, St. John's I.	25
Sergt. G. Butler, St. John's I.	25
Lieut. Ebsary, Old Perican	25
Lieut. Young, St. John's III.	25

Lieut. Mercer, Harbor Grace	20
Sergt. Aah, Harbor Grace	20
Sergt. Mayon, Fortune	20
Capt. Moulton, Borden	20
Sergt. Collins, Gambo	20
Rhoda White, Loo Cove	20
P. S. M. Harding, Greenspond	20
Capt. Brace, Shearstown	20
Sergt. Hesse, Shearstown	20
Capt. Barry, Borden	20
Sergt. Kerby, Borden	20
S.-M. Green, Arnold's Cove	20
John Temple, Arnold's Cove	20
Alice Chapman, Little Bay Island	20
Braker, Borden	20
Sergt. H. Brulin, Mugsravetown	20

North-West Province.

40 Hustlers.	
Sergt. Livermore, Winnipeg	160
Capt. Barrager, Brandon	110
Ensign Mercer, Fort William	100
Mrs. Capt. Gilliam, Calgary	88
Lieut. Forsberg, Winnipeg	86
Capt. Gamble, Moorhead	85
Capt. Mayers, Grafton	82
Sergt. Messer, Winnipeg	80
Ensign Collett, Rat Portage	74
Lieut. Cook, Lethbridge	72
Sergt. Leadman, Winnipeg	65
Capt. Blodgett, Jamestown	65
Capt. McLaren, Grand Forks	64
Mrs. Ensign Wilkins, Grand Forks	63
Lieut. Wiley, Prince Albert	56
Ensign A. Hayes, Fargo	51
Capt. McKay, Fargo	45
Capt. Stichter, Fargo	44
Capt. Brander, Devil's Lake	44
Capt. Scott, Regina	40
S.-M. Wilson, Portage la Prairie	40
Capt. Taylor, Portage la Prairie	40
Capt. Anderson, Brandon	40
Lieut. Croser, Edmonton	38
Ensign Taylor, Carman	38
Capt. Haugen, Devil's Lake	36
Lieut. Irwin, Carberry	35
Capt. Assin, Souris	35
Capt. Benoit, Souris	35
Mrs. Bent, Calgary	32
Capt. Livingstone, Neepawa	31
Capt. Swain, Selkirk	31
Lieut. Mansell, Emerson	25
Sergt. Hurrows, Emerson	25
Lieut. Garner, Neepawa	25
Sergt. Bidger, Valley City	25
Lieut. Overlander, Hannah	21
Sergt. Johnston, Winnipeg	20
Sergt. Montgomery, Winnipeg	20
Lieut. Morris, Moomsmin	20

Pacific Province.

29 Hustlers.	
Cadet McCormick, Victoria	130
Capt. Johnstone, Whistcom	130
Lieut. Antherby, Victoria	105
Mrs. Ensign Larder, Rossland	105
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Spokane	100
Mother Hooker, Kallispell	85
Capt. Walruth, Victoria	85
Lieut. Lewis, Great Falls	74
Lieut. Rowlands, Fernie	70
Capt. Hurst, Vancouver	70
Sergt. Terryberry, Vancouver	69
Capt. Heater, New Westminster	55
Sergt. McCausland, Spokane	50
Capt. Robinson, Greenwood	50
Capt. Miller, Greenwood	50
Sergt. Whipple, Vancouver	50
Adjt. Yerex, Great Falls	50
Lieut. Johnson, Vancouver	45
Sergt. Mortimer, Vancouver	40
Cadet Yerex, Lewiston	40
Adjt. Nelson, New Westminster	31
Sergt.-Major Norbury, Spokane	26
Bro. Selat, Spokane	25
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Revelstoke	25
Capt. Tiggett, Dillon	22
Minnie Phillips, Mt. Vernon	20
Capt. Holder, Mt. Vernon	20
C. O. Brown, Revelstoke	20
Sister Wright, Victoria	20

Territorial Training Home.

12 Hustlers.	
Cadet Glibank	66
Cadet I. White	58
Cadet Parker	52
Cadet Palmer	49
Cadet Henderson	46
Cadet Jones	36
Cadet Davis	35
Cadet McKay	21
Cadet McGee	20
Cadet J. White	20
Cadet Richardson	20
Cadet Oke	20

MISSING.

First Insertion.

3964. YOUNG, JOHN EDMUND. Aged 36, quite tall, dark hair, sandy moustache. Cooper. Wrote mother Christmas, '95, from 550 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, saying he was going West. May be in Klondike.

3965. CLARK, FRED BRUCE. Aged 24, medium height, dark brown hair, brown eyes. Farmer. Left Hamilton, Ont., five years ago for Rossland, B.C. Last heard from at Rat Portage, in August, '98. Sister enquires.

Second Insertion.

3954. News wanted of EDWARD BULLER, son of James Buller, formerly of Sherbourne Street, Coventry, England, and who wrote his parents from Liverpool, England, 21 years ago, that he was sailing for America. Has brown hair and eyes; height, about 5 feet, 8 inches.

3961-2. HOUNSOME, CHARLES and ALFRED, who left Ryde, Isle of

Wight, Eng., for Canada. Farmers. Both married and have families. Supposed to be in Ontario or Manitoba.

3963. LATHAM, AGNES, ALICE. Servant. Aged 22 years; height, 5 ft. 5 in.; light brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; was last heard of a year ago at Oakawa, Ont.

Note 3952. LIZZIE BRYNE and family enquire for a few weeks ago, should be LIZZIE BYRNE and family.

Each one can start a train of consequences for good that will be as the phibic cast into the water, which will start a ripple which will extend to eternity's shore to bless or to curse man, to sweeten or embitter life.

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III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Ferdinand I. A.D. 1550-1564

Ferdinand I. was already well known and much loved and respected in Germany, where he had served his brother faithfully, and yet won the hearts of all the Germans, who knew him to be perfectly faithful to his word; so much so that when a man to whom he had promised some favor, acted so as not to deserve it, he still gave it, saying he cared more for his honor than for the man's dishonor.

The Rector of the Pope, Paul IV., who was chosen in 1555, hated all the house of Austria, because he was a Neapolitan, and Spain had conquered his native kingdom; and he would not acknowledge the Pope's own condition of his giving up the peace of Augsburg and persecuting the Protestants. But this Ferdinand would not do, for the peace had been chiefly of his own making, and he believed that if the Pope would give up some of the customs of the Church of Rome they might yet be brought back to it. It indeed he sent into Bohemia the Jesuits, a body of priests who had been formed in Spain, specially for the education and to the training of consciences, and they brought over a great many of the old Hussites to the Church.

Though Ferdinand kept out of the old war between Spain and France, while that was still going on there was no chance of calling together again the Council of Trent; but when at last Henry II. of France was thoroughly beaten in the battle of St. Quentin, and the Pope of Spain, he sent Ferdinand to the Pope to demand for it, and Bulls were issued inviting all nations thereto, and also the Protestants. The Protestants met at Naumburg in Saxony to receive the message, which was sent to them by Cardinal Commendone. The Elector August, son of Moritz, took the lead, and told the Cardinal that they could not accept the letters because the Pope called them his sons, and they did not own him as their father; and they spoke so violently that he answered them with—"What mean ye by these bitter words against one who has undertaken a long journey to see you, and better than I do?" And then he reproached them for their many divisions and irreverent ways, saying that over the wine-pot and the dice-box people disputed on the mysteries of religion. The Protestants, who were divided by this abuse, but they ended by declaring that whatever the Council might say, they would hold to the Confession of Augsburg. Only the Elector Palatine, who had taken reform, and destroyed all hope of bringing back the Protestants and Calvinists. Ferdinand said the Council would do no good if it sat for a hundred years, and was very glad to have it broken up. However, in Germany, to please the Emperor, the Pope, for a time, allowed the administration of the Cup and the marriage of the clergy; and Ferdinand strove hard to bring about the other matters he had asked for. He succeeded so far that there is a part of the service still in German instead of Latin in Austria and the Tyrol.

(To be continued.)

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THE SOLO OF THE WEEK.

(Reprinted by request.)



There's a wondrous stream, flowing,
ever flowing,
Sin to wash away, making sinners
clean;
It can give new life to the troubled
soul,
Flowing, ever flowing, sin to wash
away.

Chorus.

Ever flowing, ever flowing,
Praise the Lord 'tis flowing!
Flowing, ever flowing,
Sin to wash away.

At this wondrous stream, flowing ever
flowing,
Sin to wash away, millions now have
been;
They have proved its power, for it
never fails,
Flowing, ever flowing, sin to wash
away.

Praise the Lord, this stream, flowing,
ever flowing,
Sin to wash away, it can make you
clean;
Sinner, come to-day, plunge beneath
its tide,
Flowing, ever flowing, sin to wash
away.

THINE ALONE.

Tunes.—I'm believing and receiving
(B.J. 63); To feel Thy power;
Jesus, Lover of my soul (B.J. 191).

2 Thine, O Lord, for evermore,
Thine to be, to do and dare,
Thine to suffer and adore,
Thou wilt all my sorrows share.

Thine to tread the rugged way,
O'er the mountains, rough and steep,
Thine to search, and weep, and pray
For Thy precious wandering sheep.

Thine to go to heathen lands,
Thine, to serve Thee here at home,
Thine, to fly at Thy commands,
Nevermore in sin to roam.

Thine to fill some hidden place,
Loved and prized by God alone;
Only let me see Thy face,
Only make my heart Thy throne.

Thine to die a martyr's death,
Should it serve Thy purpose here;
Angels' wings shall bear me home,
To a sweet eternal rest.

Only let me hear Thy voice,
Sweetest music to my soul,
Thou, my everlasting choice,
Guide me safely to the goal.

CLOSE TO THEE.

Tune.—Anything for Jesus (B.B. 76).

3 Keep me close to Thee, Lord, bind
my heart to Thine,
Purge away all self and sin, make
me fully Thine;
Fill me with the Holy Ghost, full of
holy zeal,
And in all my actions make me true
and real.

Chorus.

Keep me close to Thee, Lord, close to
Thee, close to Thee;
Keep me close to Thee, Lord, ever
Thine to be.

Keep me close to Thee, Lord, near that
cleansing stream
Which from Calvary's mountain flow-
ed, sinners to redeem;
O'er my soul now let it flow, wash
away each stain,
Do not let one blemish or one spot re-
main.

Keep me close to Thee, Lord, walking
In the track of Calvary, with my gar-
ments white;
Talking with Thee every hour as a
bosom friend,
Then I shall Thy will, Lord, fully com-
prehend.

THANK GOD I'M SAVED.

Tune.—Cleansing for me (B.J. 45).

4 Praise to the Saviour again I can
sing,
Thank God I'm saved! Thank
God I'm saved!
Still I am fighting for Jesus, my King,
Thank God I'm saved! Thank God
I'm saved!
Saved in the morning, at noon, and at
night,
Saved in the darkness as well as the
light,
Saved from all sin by the power of
God's might;
Thank God I'm saved! Thank God
I'm saved!

When I am tempted may this be my
song,
Thank God I'm saved! Thank God
I'm saved!
Lord, in Thy power, and Thy grace
make me strong,
Thank God I'm saved! Thank God
I'm saved!
Oh, what a Friend is the Saviour to
me!
Cleansing from sin and setting me
free;
Mine He's through time and through
all eternity,
Thank God I'm saved! Thank God
I'm saved!

When He shall call me to meet Him
on high,
Thank God I'm saved! Thank God
I'm saved!
I'll sing with the angels above the
sinner's sky.

Thank God I'm saved! Thank God
I'm saved!
What must it be when we all meet up
there,
When we shall view all those man-
sions so fair,
Free from all sorrow, and pain, and all
care,
Thank God I'm saved! Thank God
I'm saved!

THE FLAG.

Tunes.—No other argument (B.J. 7);
Sing redeeming love.

5 Oh, breathe that flag around the
cross,
And let the nations see
Our Army counts all else but dross,
To put poor sinners free.

Chorus.

Oh, breathe that flag around the cross,
The cross of Calvary;
'Twill lead the world from endless loss,
The flag of liberty.

Oh, let its star of glory shine
In hearts of sinful men,
Revealing life to Divine,
Dispelling gloom and sin.

Oh, let its crimson hue proclaim
The blood that cleanses stain,
Shed by the precious Lamb, once slain
For whosoever will.

Oh, let its border, hued, disclose
The purity of heaven,
So gladly bestowed on those
Whom Jesus has forgiven.

Tune.—Come to Jesus (B.J. 9).

6 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord;
And He will surely give you rest
By trusting in His word.

Chorus.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to the crimson flood
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear,
I'm coming now to Thee;
Since Thou hast made the way so clear
And full salvation free.

Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go;
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

COME TO CHRIST.

By LIZZIE LITTLE.

Tune.—Christ is all.

7 There sat, once, in an Army hall,
A teale, lost in earnest thought,
Thinking of heaven and hell,
She thought, "if I should die to-night,
Would I go to realms of light,
Or go with fiends to hell?"

Chorus.

Come to Christ, He'll save your soul;
Oh, come to Him to-day;
Come to Christ, He'll make you whole;
Oh, sinner, kneel and pray.

God's voice spoke lonely to her soul,
And down her cheeks the tears did roll,
As she came boldly forth,
She cried to God for mercy there;
She knew He hears and answers pray-
er, or pardon He bestowed.

And though for years she went and
prayed,
That lassie from her Saviour strayed,
Nor ever found relief,
Till she looked up and bore her cross,
Nor needed, thought she suffered loss;
But knelt at Jesus' feet.

She's happy now, and serving God,
By telling sinners of the blood,
So freely spilt for all;
She bids you get your sins forgiven,
And claim an entrance into heaven
By trusting in the Lord.

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

Tune.—What shall I do to be saved?
(B.B. 55).

8 Oh, what will you do without
Christ?
When the stars of the elements
fall?
When you stand all alone before the
White Throne,
Oh, what will you do without Christ?

Chorus.

Oh, what will you do? Oh, what will
you do?
Oh, what will you do when you stand
all alone?

Oh, what will you do without Christ?
Oh, what will you do without Christ?
When eternity bursts on your view?
When to Judgment you go, what, what
will you do?

Oh, what will you do without Christ?
Oh, what will you do without Christ?
Who have often admitted His love,
But you've wandered from Him, and
your heart's filled with sin,

Oh, what will you do without Christ?
Oh, what will you do without Christ?
If to-night you are summoned to die?
If you have to seek unwashed in
the blood.

Oh, what will you do without Christ?
Oh, what will you do without Christ?

COMING EVENTS.

COL. AND MRS. JACOBS

will visit

Fredericton, Sat. and Sun., June 14,
15.

St. John, Monday, June 16 (United
meeting).

North Sydney, Tuesday, June 17.

St. John's, Nfld., Thursday, June 12, to
Thursday, June 26. Officers' Coun-
cils and Public Demonstrations.

Spiritual Specials.

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE

will visit

Liasar St., June 13th to 26th.

STAFF-CAPT. BURDITT

Assisted by Staff-Capt. Manton and
Capt. Urquhart,

will visit

Belleville, Saturday, June 7, to Tue-
day, June 10th.

Kingston, Thursday, June 19, to Tue-
day, July 1.

Campbellford, Thursday, July 3, to
Tuesday, July 15.

Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER PICKERING

Little Current, June 21, 22, 23;
Shequandah, June 24; Gore Bay, June
25; Mantowaning, June 26; Sucker
Creek, June 27; Little Current, June
28, 29, 30; Sault Ste. Marie (Opening),
July 3.

HAND-BELL RINGERS.

Meaford, June 11, 12, 13, 14,
15, 16; Collingwood, June 17; Little
Current, June 21, 22, 23; Shequandah,
June 24; Gore Bay, June 25; Mant-
owaning, June 26; Sucker Creek,
June 27; Little Current, June 28, 29,
30; Sault Ste. Marie, July 3.

STAFF-CAPT. AND MRS. STANYON

With the Training Home Staff and
Cadets,

will visit

Lippincott, Sunday, June 15.

Temple, Sunday, June 22.

T. F. S. Appointments.

Adjutant Kenway.—Berlin, June 14,
15; Guelph, June 16; Hespeler, June
17.

LOANS.

FRIENDS and Soldiers having money to loan are requested
to loan money to the War Cry fund. The following sum
of money is therefore recommended: If the property of a
warrior is loaned to the War Cry fund, the loan should be
made in the name of the War Cry fund. Our aim is to
enable the army of our nation, this coming year, to
be victorious. For further information address—
BRIGADIER J. M. C. HORN, Financial Secretary.

LEGACIES.

Notice to Friends who are about to make
their will, and desire to help the
work of the Salvation Army.

THE good intentions of some friends have been made manifest
in consequence of their wills now being in conformity with
the law relating to the disposal of property. The following list
of names is therefore recommended: If the property of a
warrior is loaned to the War Cry fund, the loan should be
made in the name of the War Cry fund. Our aim is to
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